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One Halfpenny.

JAPANESE TROOPS ON THE FIRING LINE



In the firing line—soldiers of the Third Japanese Army creeping up to the Russian positions during the great battle fought round Mukden. When this photograph was taken the men were advancing in a series of short rushes, running forward by twos and threes, and then lying down to obtain cover from the Russians' fire.—(Stereograph copyright Underwood and Underwood, 1905.)

VIOLENT ATTACK ON MR. BALFOUR.

Mr. Churchill Rebuked for
Impugning His Personal
Honour.

PREMIER'S DISDAIN.

Arouses the Keen Resentment of
Opposition Members.

"C.B." INDIGNANT.

The absence of the Prime Minister and the whole of his Cabinet colleagues from Tuesday night's debate led to an angry scene in the House of Commons yesterday.

At the end of "questions" Mr. Churchill asked the Prime Minister whether his attention had been drawn to the terms of Mr. Joseph Walton's fiscal resolution standing on the journals of the House.

At the moment the House was crowded, and the Prime Minister, who had been rubbing his eyes as if to keep awake, picked up his glasses and scornfully glanced at the irrepressible "Winston."

"I should like to know," added Mr. Churchill, "what precedent may be cited in favour of the Government ignoring a resolution which specifically condemns their official policy, whether the Prime Minister proposes to ask the House to expunge the resolution, and, if so, when; and whether, while it stands, he considers its retention of office consonant with his public duties of his personal honour?"

A fierce storm of cheers, mingled with shocked Ministerial cries of "Oh," punctuated Mr. Churchill's question, which was uttered in tones of almost hissing vehemence.

Mr. Balfour held a hasty conference with the Chief Government Whip and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, amid mocking Liberal cheers.

A minute later he sprang to the Table. Pale, and evidently stung by the question, he turned appealingly to his supporters, who met his glance with an immense sympathetic cheer.

HIS SOLE KNOWLEDGE.

"I am very sorry," he said, "the hon. gentleman did not take the ordinary course of giving me notice of this question; because if he had done so I would have made myself acquainted with what appears to have taken place last night."

"You ought to have been here," shouted an angry Irishman, and the Chamber rang with turbulent shouts.

"At present," concluded Mr. Balfour, "my sole knowledge of the matter arises from the question."

This was too much for "C.B." Trembling with wrath, he bent over the box and pointedly asked the Premier "a short and simple question—Was he still Leader of the House of Commons?" (Vehement "Hear, hears," from the Opposition.)

Mr. Balfour uncrossed his long legs and jumped to his feet.

"I am leader of the House of Commons," he calmly remarked, "so long as the majority of the House gives me its confidence." ("What about last night?" cried a Radical.)

Meanwhile Mr. Churchill reminded the Prime Minister that his question had not been answered, and read it again.

"Amid cries of 'withdraw,'" Mr. Churchill, upon the advice of the Speaker, omitted the concluding words of the question, "or his personal honour."

The Prime Minister picked up his glasses and read the fiscal resolution.

"I raise no objection to any language the hon. gentleman may use," he said, "I propose to take no action," he added, dropping the order book, "and I do not see that action is required."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Mr. Chamberlain Preparing for a Dissolution
in June.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Wednesday Night.—Private advices from Folkestone leave no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain is far from satisfied with the way things are going at Westminster, and arrangements are in progress for the right hon. gentleman to privately meet a number of his most intimate supporters early next week, when counsel will be taken as to the policy to be pursued in the immediate future.

Everything tends to confirm the view that has already been expressed in the *Daily Mirror* that a dissolution is almost certain to occur during the month of June, and Mr. Chamberlain himself is believed to be strongly opposed to any delay beyond June.

QUEEN ON A DONKEY.

Her Majesty Enjoys a Novel Excursion
at "Gib."

GIBALTAR, Wednesday.—Beautiful weather has prevailed since the arrival of Queen Alexandra. The people here are exceedingly delighted at the royal visit, this being the first time in the history of the colony that it has been visited by a British Queen.

Her Majesty, with Princess Victoria and attendants, landed from the royal yacht privately at ten o'clock this morning and proceeded to the celebrated Rock Galleries, in which they evinced the liveliest interest.

The Queen, Princess Victoria, and all the lady attendants were mounted on donkeys, and the excursion was evidently one which they enjoyed immensely. The party lunched at the Governor's residence.

The royal yacht and all the men-of-war in the harbour were brilliantly illuminated last night. The scene was most beautiful.—Central News.

Two arches of baskets erected by washerwomen have been greatly admired by Her Majesty, says Reuter.

PATHETIC "GOOD-BYE."

Heartrending Letter from a Consumptive
Husband to His Wife.

On the mantelpiece of the downstairs room in which her consumptive husband had slept for the last three years, Mrs. Hoare, of Albert-road, Blackpool, found the following pathetic letter:—

"My dear and devoted Wife and Children,—This cruel and lingering malady has quite outworn my nerves. I am distracted. I am about to leave you all. I have been a great burden to you and to all our friends. I can see you failing under it, dear wife. Don't grieve for me, and why should you, for no man could have been blessed with a better wife, or children a better mother than you in the wide world."

"Good-bye to my devoted children. Do pray for my soul and ask all our friends to pray, too. Good-bye, your lost husband, BERT."

"My poor wife, your over-exertion has nearly demented you. Good-bye."

When he retired to rest overnight he kissed her and said, "Good-bye, lass." His body was found on the sands.

READY WITH MILLIONS.

Issue of £15,000,000 Subscribed Three Times
Over Amid Great Excitement.

The £15,000,000, which is London's share of the issue of the new Japanese Imperial Loan, has already been subscribed three times over.

Crowds surged round the doors of the three banks concerned—Par's, the Hong Kong and Shanghai, and the Yokohama Specie—long before ten o'clock, and a special police force was necessary to keep back the throng of anxious spectators.

In some cases there was a scuffle between rival applicants, and not since the South African war has such excitement prevailed amongst City men.

"There has been nothing like it since the rush for Lipton's shares," observed one stockbroker.

BRIGHTON BY-ELECTION.

The Mayor of Brighton has fixed Saturday next for the nominations and the Wednesday following for the polling in the by-election caused by the appointment of Mr. Gerald Loder as Junior Lord of the Treasury.

ANOTHER £20,000 CARNEGIE GIFT.

Two of the "small colleges" to which Mr. Carnegie has decided to direct the stream of his generosity have already been selected.

The University of Rochester (N.Y.) has received £20,000 for scientific instruction, on the condition that a like sum is received from other sources. That of Syracuse (N.Y.) has received £20,000 for a library, under the same conditions.

£10,000 FOR A HOSPITAL.

The sum of £10,000 has been promised by Mr. James Shepherd, of Rossend Castle, Burntisland, for the funds of Gray's Hospital, Elgin. Mr. Shepherd is a native of Elgin.

FERRET FOSTER-MOTHER.

A case of exceptional interest to naturalists is reported from Garstang, Lancashire.

Last spring a farmer's boy found a nest of four young rabbits, and gave them to his ferrets.

One ferret promptly dispatched three, and the other nestled up to the fourth, and the pair became strongly attached.

They are still together, and remain the fastest of ferrets.

ROYAL EXPLORER.

Duc d'Orleans Tells the "Daily Mirror"
About His Next Expedition.

"It seems to me absurd to try and reach the North Pole," said the Duc d'Orleans to the *Daily Mirror* at Wood Norton yesterday. "I am going to explore the Arctic regions from Spitzbergen to Franz Josef Land and Nova Zembla."

"Mine is purely a scientific expedition, and I have no wish to establish records. I do not wish to get further north than anyone else. But I hope to make many interesting scientific discoveries."

"This expedition is entirely under my own direction, but my officers will be men who have had experience either in Arctic or Antarctic exploration, and I shall be accompanied by specialists in geography and ocean-sounding, and also by a bacteriologist."

"I shall be the taxidermist of the expedition. I have skinned and stuffed more than 3,000 animals."

"I propose also to trace the American expedition that started away some three years ago, of which nothing has since been heard."

"I shall start on May 1, and hope to be back in this beautiful country in September. But I am taking stores for two years. We may get ice-bound."

The Duke might well say "beautiful country," for Wood Norton lies in the heart of the Evesham "cherry country." Whenever the Duke and Duchess are there the French Tricolour flutters from the flagstaff, and the house is decorated everywhere with the fleur-de-lis.

Kangaroos shot and stuffed by the Duke himself abound in the mansion, and he looked the type of an English sportsman as he sat in Norfolk jacket and breeches and talked with the *Daily Mirror*.

£20,000 LIBRARY.

Dispersal of Superb Collection of Precious
Books and Rare Manuscripts.

The third day of the sale of the John Scott library at Sotheby's yesterday produced a total of £2,355, making for the three days a total of £5,575.

The sale has still to occupy eight days, so that the estimated £20,000 will evidently be reached, if not exceeded.

The principal price during the day was £251 for a superb copy of Glanville's "De Proprietatibus Rerum," printed by Wynken de Worde. The Ashburnham copy went for £195 in 1898, and in 1900 a copy made £212.

A fifteenth century manuscript copy of Higden's "Polychronicon" went for £161, Hamilton "Catechisme," 1559, made £141, and Gavin Douglas, "The Palis of Honour," 1553, £95.

A fine set of Fraser's "Scottish Family Histories," fourteen volumes, produced £162 10s., and a set of Goupil's "Historical Monographs," ten volumes, made a total of £128 8s.

To-day's section includes about 300 works on the Jacobites.

KING NOT GOING TO DENMARK.

The King and Queen are not going to Copenhagen for the birthday of the King of Denmark, says the Central News.

At the end of next week the King hopes to join her Majesty on board the royal yacht in the Mediterranean.

BANDIT TO MEET THE KAISER.

The Governor of Tangier has invited the chief Raisuli to visit that place with his principal tribesmen to meet the German Emperor.

Whilst at Lisbon the Kaiser was presented by the German residents with an address in a silver album weighing about 16lb.

COUNT von Buelow, in the Reichstag yesterday, denied that Germany desired territorial expansion. The Government intended to enter into negotiations with the Sultan of Morocco regarding the maintenance of the policy of the open door.

MEMORIAL TO SIR W. HARCOURT.

A private meeting, summoned by Mr. John Ellis, M.P., was held at the House of Commons yesterday afternoon for the purpose of considering the question of erecting a memorial to the late Sir William Harcourt in the Palace of Westminster.

Amongst those present were Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir M. Hicks Beach, Sir H. Fowler, Mr. John Morley, and Sir Alfred Thomas, chairman of the Welsh Parliamentary Party.

IMAGINATIVE SCHOOLGIRL.

Having declared that a schoolfellow had fallen into an open drain in the schoolyard, little Miss Chadwick gravely watched the town surveyor of Great Harwood (Lancashire) and a gang of men conduct a feverish exploration.

Meanwhile, the missing child was safe and sound at her home. What the surveyor said to Miss Chadwick is not reported.

BALTIC FLEET REAPPEARS.

Rojestvensky Drifting Eastward at
Eighty Miles a Day.

IN THE DANGER ZONE.

Light is thrown upon the movements of Admiral Rojestvensky by a message from Durban.

The steamer Dart, which has just arrived there, reports that on the 19th inst. she passed thirty warships and fourteen colliers steaming eastward, 250 miles to the north-east of Madagascar.

As the Baltic Fleet left Nossi-Bé on the 16th inst., the progress made is little more than eighty miles a day.

Five months have elapsed since the first division of the fleet left Libau, so that it is impossible even to conjecture the present whereabouts of Admiral Rojestvensky by ordinary methods of calculation.

Any other fleet steering the same course would now be nearing the Straits of Sunda, and probably the Japanese cruisers are already reporting the movements of the approaching squadron.

"In some circles in St. Petersburg," says the "Matin," "it is even now hoped that Admiral Rojestvensky will save the situation."

STARVING ARMY.

Desperate Dilemma of the Russian Troops
in Manchuria.

PARIS, Wednesday.—A telegram from St. Petersburg to the "Petit Parisien" says:—"Although in military circles the statement is still made that General Linievitch's army has been reorganised, provisioned, and reinforced, it is certain that as reinforcements it has only been possible to collect 25,000 men, taken from the troops guarding the railway, and that the provisions obtained are only enough for five days."

The "Petit Journal's" correspondent at St. Petersburg "telegraphs"—"Pessimistic rumours continue to circulate regarding the situation of General Linievitch, which causes great uneasiness."

"It is believed that the Japanese may already have turned the Russian flank by passing through Mongolia. There is also a report of a revolt in the Island of Saghalien."—Reuter.

FIGHT TO A FINISH.

"It Is the Will of the Tsar," Says General
Batianoff.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The "Matin" this morning publishes an interview with General Batianoff, the newly-appointed Commander of the Third Manchurian Army. The General stated that he had learned to know the Russian soldier in difficult circumstances during his experience of war.

"The soldier who has no confidence in his general," he said, "is a bad soldier. The general who has no confidence in his soldiers is a bad general." It was necessary, said General Batianoff, to promote this mutual confidence by means of encouraging words.

"Nevertheless," replied the correspondent, "that will not give you men, General."

"Men?" was the answer. "We shall see."

"Then the war is to be fought to the death?"

"Certainly," said the General, emphatically, "it is the will of the Tsar."—Central News.

TERMS OF PEACE.

Practical Effect of Intervention by United
States and France.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—Russia has outlined the conditions under which she is prepared to negotiate for the conclusion of peace with Japan.

It is stated, with every semblance of authority, that, thanks to the good offices of the United States and France, the question of peace has now assumed practical shape.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—Much speculation is being based here upon the departure of the United States Ambassador for Paris. He leaves to-day.—Central News.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The British mission to Kabul has left on its return to India.

The United States Government propose to establish a large bull-dog hatchery in Texas.

The elders of the Mormon Church have issued a church the old gal in Carthage where their founder was killed by a mob.

VIOLET LEAVES AS CANCER CURE.

Remarkable Statement by a Lady
Whose Life Was Saved.

HOW THEY WERE USED.

A remarkable case of an alleged cure of cancer by the use of violet leaves is reported from Dover. The patient was a lady who had been a very prominent Church worker. In July, 1902, she became ill, and gradually developed all the dreadful symptoms of cancer.

The lady yesterday gave the *Daily Mirror* a circumstantial account of her experiences.

Her own physician, Dr. Wood, pronounced that her malady was cancer of the liver, and his opinion was confirmed by two skilled medical men, who were called in consultation. All three doctors agreed that her case was incurable.

Three separate growths, each as large as her fist, developed on her side, and she suffered continual and agonising pain.

On November 16, 1902, at the request of some of her friends, she commenced the violet leaf treatment. Her doctor did not interfere, as he considered her case hopeless.

Treatment in Detail.

A large bunch of fresh violet leaves was put in a basin, and a pint of boiling water poured over them. The basin was then covered, and allowed to stand twelve hours.

In the morning the liquor was strained off, and of this she drank a wineglassful three times a day. Another portion of the liquor was boiled again, and three thicknesses of lint were soaked in it, applied to the affected parts, covered with oiled silk, and bound round.

For the first few days the treatment intensified the pain, but she determined to persevere with it. The pain was intolerable, and it was only by the exercise of the greatest patience and endurance that she brought herself to continue the treatment.

On November 24—eight days after she commenced the treatment—she felt into a quiet sleep, and on waking up found the pain appreciably less than it had been for many weeks.

At this time the doctors believed that she could not live longer than a week. Gradually the pain left her, but the growths appeared no smaller for a long time afterwards.

At last it appeared to her that they were getting smaller, but the doctors still maintained that her recovery was impossible.

Gradually the growths diminished, and in three months had totally disappeared. In six months her strength was restored to her, and she has had no recurrence of the agonising pain she once suffered.

For the benefit of any sufferers who may wish to try this cure the lady wishes to emphasise the fact that great perseverance is needed in it.

FASHIONABLE PRIVATE VIEW.

Mr. Sargent's Water-colour Exhibition a
Great Success.

Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., is the foremost painter of the day. Society gives him huge sums to paint his portraits. The world admires him because his pictures are not like those of anybody else it knows. He is a big (if not a great) man.

The pleasant new Carfax Gallery, in Bury-street, St. James's, could not therefore open with a more interesting or attractive little show than that of Mr. Sargent's water-colour sketches. At yesterday's private view everybody who is anybody in the art world gathered to see them.

One saw the aged Duke of Rutland, marvelling at the strangely fascinating ugliness of "Madame X," one of the three oil-pictures that are set in the places of honour. Lord Wemyss and Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., were equally enthusiastic over the vivid Venetian impressions.

Lord Carlisle seemed puzzled by the very striking Japanese dancer with her yellow skin and stiffly harmonious gesture, but fully appreciated the rapid movement and open-airiness of the gondoliers racing on the Grand Canal.

Other notable people to be seen were Lady Granby and Lady Marjorie Manners, the Countess of Ravensworth, Sir William Richmond, R.A., Sir Frederick Pollock, Lady Strachey, and Sir Eyre Massey Shaw.

It is seldom that Mr. Sargent allows his casual studies to be seen. No one who cares for pictures should miss this rare opportunity.

NEW CANDIDATE FOR ETON HEADSHIP

A seventh candidate for the headmastership of Eton College, in the person of Mr. A. E. Benson, a son of the late Archbishop Benson, has appeared. He was assistant classical master at Eton until two years ago.

Interviewing Mr. Benson at their meeting at the Provost and Fellows of the College for a week.

OUT OF POCKET.

Mission Spends £79 for Privilege of
Being Shot At.

The news that the Deep Sea Mission received £3,906 from the Russian Government for damages sustained by the hospital ship Alpha in the attack of Admiral Rojestvensky on the North Sea trawling fleet may give the public an idea that the mission has considerably benefited.

The truth of the matter, as put forward by "Toilers of the Deep"—the official organ—is that the mission is actually £79 out of pocket, and has no prospect of making good the loss.

PAYMENTS.	AWARD.
Transoceanic Company for repairs.....	£3,000
Payments to Alpha's crew.....	500
Cost of maintaining Alpha Fisher (substitute boat).....	218
Expense of landing wounded men.....	78
Surveyor's bill, including out of pocket expenses.....	209
	£3,985

The question may be asked as to why the society does not appeal against the award. There is no appeal possible, as the Board of Trade state that the incident is closed.

The repairing of the Alpha occupied four months.

MINISTRY OF COMMERCE.

Mr. Louis Sinclair's Bill Backed by Sir
Albert Rollit and Sir C. Furness.

The Bill providing for the creation of a Ministry of Commerce and Industry was issued yesterday morning. It is a private member's bill, presented by Mr. Louis Sinclair, and supported, among others, by Sir Albert Rollit and Sir Christopher Furness.

It provides that the new Minister shall have a salary of £5,000, and be assisted by a permanent council of experts elected for five years.

Parts of the powers and duties of the Board of Trade, Local Government Board, Home Office, and Board of Agriculture are to be transferred to the new Ministry.

THE LATE LORD NORTON.



Lord Norton, who recently passed away at Ham Hall, Warwickshire, in his ninety-first year. (Elliott and Fry.)

SEARCH FOR MURDERERS.

Ruffians' Black Masks Were Made from
Their Victim's Stockings.

The murderers of old Thomas Farrow in his little oil-shop in High-street, Deptford, on Monday morning, are still in hiding.

Scotland Yard's smartest detectives and innumerable amateurs have searched every nook and cranny by the riverside, but in vain.

Mrs. Farrow is progressing slowly towards recovery. By a grim coincidence the black masks worn by her assailants were made from a pair of her own stockings hurriedly picked up in the house.

The inquest on the murdered man will be held to-day.

He was seventy-three years of age, and his father is still living at the age of ninety-six, in Bildeston, Suffolk.

The King of the Belgians will leave Brussels at the end of this week for a voyage round the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic.

FISHERMEN AND M.P.s

Scottish Golf Team Sightseeing in
London To-day.

SATURDAY'S MATCH.

At Sandwich on Saturday the most picturesque golf match of the season will take place between a House of Commons team, headed by Mr. Balfour, and ten Inverloch fishermen, reported to be very capable exponents of the "royal and ancient" game.

The fishermen arrived in London late last evening, and are staying at the Waverley Hotel, in Southampton-row.

A room was set apart as a sort of armoury for their gleaming-headed clubs.

They expressed themselves delighted with the prospect of playing over the famous Sandwich links—the "St. Andrews" of England—and not a man among them was doubtful about giving the M.P.s a good game.

True Sons of the Sea.

They are fine-looking fellows, with a smack of the sea in their fresh faces and clear eyes. One of them is reported to be able to drive a Haskell 300 yards, with a carrying wind.

Sight-seeing will form part of their programme, as not one has visited London before. To-day they will go to the House of Commons, among other places, to see their opponents engaged in their legislative duties.

To-morrow an early start will be made for Sandwich, in view of a practice tour of the links.

The first couple in Saturday's match "drive-off" at ten o'clock.

The draw has not yet been made, and there is much speculation among the fishermen as to who shall have the honour of playing the Prime Minister.

SUNDAY CYCLING AND GOLF.

Rector Thinks Workers Have Every Right to
Games on the Sabbath.

Golf, motoring, cycling, or other healthy and innocent pastimes on Sundays, said the Rev. M. Fowler, at All Hallows, London Wall, yesterday, were not in themselves wrong.

If a man attended God's house—say, the Holy Eucharist—first, and then indulged in these pastimes who could condemn him, provided he squared it with the injunction to do all he did to the glory of God.

To an increasing number of workers of all kinds Sunday was the only day on which to get recreation.

MURDERER'S APPEAL.

Culprit's Pathetic Plea for Forgiveness to
Parents of His Little Victim.

John Hutchinson, the young man of twenty-nine, who yesterday pleaded at Nottingham for the revoking murder of a five-year-old boy, sent before execution the following pathetic appeal to the murdered child's parents for forgiveness:—

"George and Rose, I now write these few lines to you both expressing my sorrow for that wicked crime that I committed, trusting that you will not despise this letter, as it deserves to be, nor me for writing it, but I do hope and trust in God with all my heart that you will forgive me for taking the life of your poor, innocent child.

"I know that God has forgiven all my past sins, and I am making every preparation to meet my Father in Heaven, and I do hope that you will do the same, so I think that is all this time.—GEORGE. "Good-bye for ever on this earth."

"IAN MACLAREN" IN COURT.

One of the witnesses called in the Probate Court yesterday to prove the testamentary capacity of the late Mr. Robert Shaw, a Lancashire nonmaster, was the Rev. Dr. Watson.

"I am a doctor of divinity," said the well-known preacher.

Mr. Priestley: I believe you rejoice in a little writing, too?—Yes.

His Lordship pronounced for the will, which dealt with property amounting to £100,000.

STRIKERS' CAR SERVICE.

Dismissed after a strike from the Gateshead Electric Tramway Company's employment, 200 men are organising an opposition service with horse-drawn brakes at nominal prices.

The company being very economical in its methods its cars are of the "crawler" type, and the men expect their opposition brakes to be well patronised.

£1,000 GEM THEFT.

Clever Gang Rob Astute Merchant of
Costly Samples.

Jewel thieves are reaping a rich harvest just now.

Their latest victim is Mr. Edward Booth, of Messrs. Booth and Biggs, well-known jewellers of Northampton-street, Birmingham, who, whilst in London, was yesterday relieved of about £1,000 worth of samples.

Mr. Booth, who travelled from Birmingham with an oak chest about 3ft. square, containing his samples, arrived at the Brunswick Hotel, Charterhouse-square, on Tuesday morning.

He took the chest out with him during the day and returned with it at night to the hotel, where it was put away.

At nine o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Booth found that the lock had been tampered with and that gems to the value of £1,000 had been abstracted. The stock is insured.

The Scotland Yard authorities, who were at once communicated with, believe that the thieves gained an entrance to the hotel by means of scaffolding erected for the construction of a new wing to the building.

A member of the firm told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday at Birmingham that part of the goods could be identified, but not all.

"The gem rings," he said, "would be peculiar and could be identified. So could the gold chains if we saw them soon enough, but the probability is that they are in the melting-pot before this."

EVAN ROBERTS REPOSES.

100,000 Welsh Residents of Liverpool Await
His Meetings with Joyous Expectancy.

Mr. Evan Roberts has at last fulfilled his promise to visit Liverpool, where, after a long journey from his home in South Wales, he arrived on Tuesday night.

He spent yesterday in quiet repose at the house of the Rev. John William, the pastor of the Princess-road chapel. He, however, took a short drive in the private brougham which has been placed at his disposal during his stay in Liverpool by a friend.

The Welsh community in Liverpool, which numbers nearly one hundred thousand, are rejoicing at the near prospect of meeting their famous countryman.

It has been arranged that Mr. Roberts shall visit in turn each of several districts in Liverpool, Bootle, and Birkenhead, but it has been deemed advisable not to make known beforehand which of the chapels he will attend.

"PENTECOSTAL" METHODS.

Widow Landlady Obtains a Sermon Instead
of 4s. for a Debt.

"Brother" Harvey, an associate of the Rev. Obadiah Kent White, of the "Pentecostal Dancers," left two American trunks at his Kensington lodgings when he went to South Wales six weeks ago.

In reply to a letter enclosing an account for four shillings for storage, his widow landlady has received a long letter from the Rev. Obadiah, in which he remarks, "I feel quite free to say that I am surprised."

He goes on to recommend that the landlady should "go down on her knees," in which event she would not make such charges. He admits the temptation "to do something one hates to do—make a charge which one ought not to," and says, "We have found it so in our lives in just such places."

Near the end he naively observes: "Of course we think the bill is twice as high as it ought to be. Yet, if you insist on having us pay what you have stated, we will pay it." But he did not send the money.

ENGINE-DRIVER LEAVES £3,000.

Estate valued at £3,000 17s. 5d. was left by a retired engine-driver, Mr. James Isherwood, of Blackburn, who died last month.

A blacksmith's employee, Mr. William Cross, of Leyland, Lancashire, has left no less than £10 9s. 1d.

WOMAN'S STRUGGLE WITH BURGLAR.

The story of an exciting struggle with a burglar was told at West London yesterday, when an exconvict named Lenny was committed for trial.

He was found in Chiswick High-road Post Office by a boy, and on the postmaster hastening to the scene a savage encounter took place. The postmaster's wife rushed to her husband's assistance, and the burglar closed with her. She, however, managed to escape and fetched a policeman.

One of the debars in the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday stated he had been seaman, actor, and keeper of training stables in turn.

£3,000 DAMAGES IN CINGALEE CASE.

Remarkable End of the Action
Against Mr. George Edwardes.

MR. BARRIE AND BACON.

"Three thousand pounds?"
The foreman of the jury was asked to repeat the words, as the Associate of Mr. Justice Darling's Court was not sure whether he had heard aright.
"Three thousand pounds?" repeated the foreman in louder tones, and then a faint, partly mumbled, partly rustle, partly catching of breath, vibrated through and through the smartly-dressed throng that had been waiting the jury's return for a gossiping hour.
So that was the "curtain" of the Hanjiah-Cingalee law court comedy. Three thousand pounds awarded to Captain Fraser against Mr. George Edwardes for infringement of the copyright of his play, "The Hanjiah."
The last "act" of the comedy before the "curtain" was as amusing and laughter-provoking as the "acts" of preceding days. Mr. Gill showed great powers as a comedian in his concluding speech.

His masterpieces was a comparison in tabulated form between "Henry V." and "Peter Pan." The Judge had just asked for such a comparison to be furnished which had been stated that points of resemblance could be found in many plays, and Mr. Gill took the Judge at his word.

THE TABLE.

1. Lady called V. who told story of play.	2. Young man, who winged Edwardes, like young people.	3. Small body of Englishmen expected attack.	4. Small body of Englishmen expected attack.
5. Small body of Englishmen expected attack.	6. Small body of Englishmen expected attack.	7. Small body of Englishmen expected attack.	8. Small body of Englishmen expected attack.

Leaving comedy behind, Mr. Gill referred to another matter of a very different nature. When Mr. Percy Anderson, the well-known designer of costumes, had given evidence on behalf of Mr. Edwardes, Mr. Banks had read the following letter, written by Mr. Anderson to Captain Fraser:

I feel perfectly miserable about the whole thing; sick at heart for your sake, for I think you have been most shamefully treated. But astonished I am not, for I know the gang. I said when you were here that I never expected your work would be given when once you had turned your back.

"Hard on Mr. Anderson."
Then Mr. Justice Darling said: "I was very sorry the letter was read. It was very hard on Mr. Anderson. The letter did not carry the case any further."

Mr. Eldon Bankes made a speech equally able, if not as humorous, as that of Mr. Gill.
Then the Judge summed up, and there was more humour. Amid directions on points of law the following "bon-mots" occurred:

It is impossible to plagiarize the common-places. Therefore it is impossible to plagiarize most of the authors of the present day.

I am quoting from an old work, called "Lux Orientalis." That would be a good name for Mr. Edwardes's next Eastern musical comedy.

There are certain rules of convention. If a picture is a Landseer there is usually a stag or a dog in it, and, if you are lucky, both.

Perhaps it is necessary to write a play to suit the properties of Daly's, and that is why authors write similar plays for that theatre. Mr. Vincent Crummies asked Nicholas Nickleby to write a play round a pump and two tubs.

After the verdict was given an injunction was asked for on behalf of Captain Fraser. The Judge thought that this was unnecessary, as Mr. Edwardes had named "The Hanjiah."

Mr. Gill asked for a stay of execution, on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, and that the damages were excessive.

On the latter point the Judge suggested that counsel on both sides should confer. The matter, said his Lordship, could be mentioned to-day, when there is to be "further argument" on the "injunction" question.

VISION THAT KILLED. CONFESSION TO A PICTURE.

Lady Walks Out of a Window Through
a Realistic Dream.

A dream practically caused the death of Miss Isabella Hunter, an elderly lady of independent means, who lived at Fair Hazel Mansions, Hampstead.

A constable early on Saturday morning found Miss Hunter lying on the ground beneath her bedroom window suffering from injuries which subsequently proved fatal.

The singular way in which the accident occurred was explained by Miss Hunter to her niece.

"I was dreaming," she said, "I was coming home in a cab from the theatre when some robbers attempted to steal something from me."

"I went to the window of my room thinking it was the cab window and opened it in order to get away from the robbers."

Miss Hunter's bedroom window was open, and she must have fallen from it.

Dr. Bartley, who attended her, said she was somewhat given to delusions. In his opinion she was in one of those delusions when the accident occurred.

The jury returned a verdict of Death by Misadventure.

CLIPPING CUPID'S WINGS.

Annual Holiday That Led to a Breach of
Promise Action.

Having been cast £300 in damages for breach of promise in the case O'Driscoll v. Flanagan, the defendant yesterday made an application in the Dublin Courts for payment by instalments.

Counsel for Miss O'Driscoll stated that defendant admitted he had substantial assets, but wanted the Court to save money for him for an annual holiday.

Defendant, in reply, said he had only £120 a year.

Mr. Justice Boyd pointed out that he went on a holiday before he had fitted Miss O'Driscoll.

Now he wanted to go on another holiday.

Well, he would clip his wings for him and order him to pay £5 a month.

QUEEN OF SAXONY.



Who is now paying a visit to
England.

CONVICT APES DETECTIVE.

Ingenuous Frauds of a Rascal "Too Old to
Work" at 61.

Arthur Markham, an elderly criminal, who has spent twenty-seven years of his life in gaol, has been supporting himself recently by the ingenious method of passing himself off as a detective-sergeant engaged in tracing and restoring lost property, and soliciting payments for "expenses."

He always carefully explained that members of the force never accepted gratuities, but they could be recompensed for travelling and out-of-pocket expenditure. As Sergeant Chapman he did very well for a time, but was sentenced to a year's hard labour at Westminster yesterday. He pleaded that he was too old to get work at sixty-one, and his past was against him.

Known as "The Bandmaster," perhaps his most remarkable achievement in a varied criminal career was the theft of the late Mr. Wilson Barrett's furniture in pantechnicons some years ago.

A "rise" of £25 per annum was regarded as equivalent to "a vote of no confidence" by the clerk of the Settle Rural District Council. It was offered to him in lieu of permission to practise as a solicitor in his spare time.

Amazing Suggestions of Intimidation
Against a Doctor.

BUST AND COFFIN.

Dr. Samuel Bullock, who is contesting his wife's petition for divorce, passed through a severe ordeal of cross-examination at the hands of Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Counsel was taxing him as to his wife's alleged confession of misconduct.

Mr. Hall: On the night of the alleged confession, did you take your wife into the bedroom, open the Bible at the Gospel of St. Matthew and read: "Whoever looketh on a woman to lust in his heart?"

Witness: Certainly not.

"And did you say to her, 'Do you know that?' and did you point to a picture of 'Christ Leaving the Praelorium' hanging on the wall?"

"Did you say, 'Stand before that picture and look at it, and say that you have not sin to confess?'"

"Oh, dear no."

"We Have All Sinned."

"Did she say: 'I suppose we have all sinned, but I am not going to confess to a picture?'—I cannot remember anything of the sort."

"Now, as to Mrs. Apthorpe, Dr. Bullock, said Mr. Marshall Hall in his most insinuating manner, "was there anything at all between you?"

"Nothing at all," said the doctor, "except friendship."

Of the highest and purest kind, doctor?—Yes.

Nothing more than a friend?—No.

Did you, in 1902, profess to have any love for your wife and children?—I always had an affection for my children, but I could not have the same affection for my wife after the confession, which was an intolerable insult.

Dr. Bullock, asked to recall whether he had ever told his little son that he wished a bust, said to be like Mrs. Apthorpe, to be put in his coffin, could not recall anything of the matter.

"But your association with Mrs. Apthorpe," inquired Mr. Marshall Hall, "was the common topic and scandal of Burgess Hill, Brighton?"

"Yes, the quasi society of Burgess Hill," replied the doctor, "would like to drag down a lady like Mrs. Apthorpe."

The case was adjourned.

"GUIDE TO SUCCESS"

That Did Not Prevent Its Author's Partner
Getting Into Difficulties.

A "Guide to Success" on the Stock Exchange, a book written by the late Captain Pollard, figured in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday at the examination of the affairs of that gentleman's partner, Mr. Charles Bennett, stock and share dealer, of New Bond-street, whose liabilities are £20,955 against assets of £388.

In answer to Mr. Pope, debtor remarked that in many cases his clients would lose their heads.

Mr. Pope: You did not lose your head?—No.

Mr. Pope (quoting from the "Guide to Success"): "And to issue to go at a wild pace, leading inevitably to disaster, and when we would check them in a mad career we are as a rule soundly abused for our pains?"—I did not write the book.

Mr. Bennett explained that his firm opened stock with clients who provided cover. If the stock went up the client got back his cover and the additional price.

Mr. Pope: On the other hand, if the stock went down you annexed the cover?—Yes.

Mr. Pope: It was to your advantage to advise customers to purchase stock which you thought would fall?—No, but we used to protect ourselves.

The case was adjourned for debtor to supply further accounts.

JUDGE WHO NEVER INSURES.

"I have lived a great many years and have never yet paid insurance upon anything," confessed Mr. Justice Willes yesterday in the King's Bench Division.

Furs belonging to Mrs. Williamson, of Allerton Towers, Liverpool, dispatched to her by Messrs. Russell and Allen, the Old Bond-street furriers, had been stolen en route. In this action Mr. Williamson recovered £33 and costs from the furriers.

CONDEMNATION OF THE CHILDLESS.

A sermon of reproof of modern selfishness was delivered yesterday at St. Edmond's, Lombard-street, by the Rev. A. J. Waldron, the Rochester Diocesan Missioner.

Married persons, he said, who ought to produce children were refusing to do so on account of luxury's sake.

This refusal to produce children was striking a fatal blow to the very foundation of the race.

£8,000 IN COSTS.

Five Years' Litigation Over a Claim
of £12 for Goods Supplied.

An extraordinary action, in which the amount in dispute was about £12, while the law costs will probably run to £7,000 or £8,000, has just concluded at the Belfast Assizes in a verdict for the defendants.

The action was brought by Messrs. McGowan and Ingram, wholesale stationers, against three city merchants for £61 for goods sold to a firm of tea dealers trading as Rolston and Co., and the point at issue was whether defendants were partners in the firm.

They admitted having had interest up till March, 1899, when £34 was owing to Messrs. McGowan and Ingram, and paid this sum into court.

Litigation on this matter has been going on for five years, the case being regarded as a test one for other creditors of Rolston and Co., who became bankrupt, Mr. Rolston himself leaving the country for America.

There were two trials before special juries in Dublin, and the case was also prepared for the House of Lords, though this was not proceeded with.

As to one defendant, the matter was settled after a long arbitration, in the course of which a special commission was sent to America to obtain the evidence of the man Rolston. Finally, there was this last trial at Belfast Assizes, which has lasted five days.

During all this litigation the highest legal talent in Ireland was employed.

LADY'S CRUELTY TO A DOG.

Poor Little Pet Unmercifully Treated by a
Woman of Position.

"He is the most unmanageable dog I ever had," said Miss Laura Hillier to the Bristol Bench yesterday.

He runs after all the men, women, and school-children, and tries to bite them."

Miss Hillier, a well-dressed elderly lady, had been summoned by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for cruelly ill-treating the unmanageable animal, which turned out to be a tiny dog which could be held in one hand.

Dr. Barker, a divisional police surgeon, stated in court that he saw Miss Hillier dragging the dog on a leash in Redland-road. "The little thing rolled over, and she beat it six or seven times with a cane. It was quite helpless."

"It is the kind of dog that needs it," she said upon his remonstrating with her.

Other witnesses had seen the defendant beat the dog unmercifully.

The magistrates showed their opinion of Miss Hillier's conduct by inflicting the maximum penalty of £5.

PARSIMONIOUS BRIDEGROOM.

Flautist Who Played at a Wedding Has to
Sue for His Money.

A bridegroom who declined to "pay the piper"—in this case a flautist—was the defendant in an amusing case at Clarendon Petty Sessions.

Maloney, the flautist, said he played till morning for the dancers at a wedding, and was only offered a shilling when all was over. Flannery, the bridegroom, said "I ain't going to pay" when he was asked for £1, and declared that he had never seen money paid to anyone but a fiddler.

He played "Miss McCloud's Reel," "Haste to the Wedding," "The Frost Is All Over," and "Over the Hills and Far Away." It was all heavy blowing.

"The Night Before Larry Was Stratched" was not gay enough.

The court allowed Maloney 10s. and costs.

STREET ERUPTION.

Whilst about to light a gas-lamp in a Fifeley street a lampighter had a very narrow escape from death.

An explosion of gas took place, crumpling the standard, and blowing up the footpath for a distance of twenty feet.

FALLING EYELASHES

spoil the beauty of the fairest face, and deprive the eyes of their defence against dirt and dust. The eyelashes are strengthened and restored by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a remedy with 30 years' reputation. Supplied by chemists and stores in ancient pedicest ports for 2s. each. A little book "How to Preserve the Eyes" will be sent to any applicant by post. STEPHEN GREENE, 210, Lambeth Road, London. All who suffer from any eye trouble should send for it.

A pure unadulterated food.

ONE CUP of PLASMON Cocoa

contains more Nutrient than 4-lb. Beef, 10 cups of ordinary Cocoa, and is free from chemicals.

Aids Digestion. Braces the Nerves.

LAST OF ALBERT HALL MISSION.

What Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander
Have Achieved, and the Cost.

CHILD "SUNBEAMS."

Last night took place the eighty-first and last meeting of the Torrey-Alexander mission at the Royal Albert Hall, and Dr. Torrey told a Press representative that he regarded the two months' mission as having been an unqualified success. He calculated not fewer than 700,000 persons had attended the meetings.

Financially there is a deficit of over £5,000, which was not unexpected to the organisers. The collections totalled under £3,000, or about a penny a head; if everyone at every meeting had given the conventional "three-penny-bit" accounts would have approximately balanced.

Mr. Alexander said: "It has been far better than we could have hoped."

"In the Coldstream Guards alone thirty men were converted, and they hold a prayer-meeting together at 5.30 every morning."

Batches of boys from Dr. Barnardo's Home have been here almost every night. They also have started holding meetings amongst themselves. Tomorrow morning 400 are leaving Paddington for America, and have asked me to hold a meeting for them in the railway station just before they start.

A Real Little "Sunbeam."

"Incidents? Well, this is one of the most touching. It occurred at the second children's meeting. Twelve thousand children and their friends were singing the famous 'Sunbeam Song.' Down in the front seats I noticed three little poorly-clad Jewish tots. I stopped the great audience, and called the little girls up to the high red dais upon which I stood, and, putting my arms around them, asked them to sing the chorus alone to the great multitude of boys and girls. In their sweet, child-like voices they sang the refrain:—

A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
Jesus wants me to be a sunbeam;
A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
I'll be a sunbeam for Him.

"The three girls were with a party of twenty children who had come from Whitechapel."

THE MOTOR IN AGRICULTURE.

Latest Developments in Farm Operations
to Produce Maximum Profits.

The one hope of the farmer—leaving aside questions of protection and the like—lies in the adoption of methods which shall produce the maximum of profitable result at the minimum cost for labour. The coming of the motor has done much to make this possible, both ploughing and harvesting operations being rapidly and economically effected by automobiles specially modified to meet the requirements of agricultural work.

This is fully described and illustrated in a brilliant article that finds a place in the first fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopedia," the second edition of which is still on sale. This article runs to twenty-five columns and forms a complete manual on the subject, illustrated with eight engravings and two maps of the British Islands, showing respectively the distribution of pasture land and of land under crops.

This is one of the twelve hundred articles—all written by living specialists—which are contained in the first part of this newest and most up-to-date work of reference, the demand for which proved so enormous that the first edition of 300,000 copies was exhausted within an hour of publication.

The second fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopedia"—price sevenpence—will be published on Tuesday next, but the only way to make sure of a copy is to order it now from the news-agent.

BUY A COPY NOW.

PART I. The
HARMSWORTH
ENCYCLOPAEDIA

MAY BE OBTAINED
TO-DAY. PRICE 7d.

Prevent future disappointment by
ordering the 40 Parts, 7d. each.
Published Fortnightly. Total Cost, 23/4.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

In Bolton schools poor children suffering from defective vision will in future have spectacles lent to them by the authorities.

The body of a cat has caused a serious stoppage in the Hanley sewers.

For sleeping in a church porch at Bampton, Devon, a tramp has been sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

One hundred and fifty manufacturers of galvanised iron are considering a proposed combination to prevent over-production and regulate the market.

Charged with perjury at Belfast, Arthur H. E. Spang pleaded that because of his sufferings from sciatica and gout he was not responsible for what he had said.

For two days small steam-coal has been practically unobtainable on the Cardiff coal market. This is chiefly accounted for by the irregularity of supplies from the collieries.

Blackpool Corporation is looking for an artist to execute a painting of the whole of the sea-front. When this has been accomplished, copies will be made and circulated all over the world.

To create traffic and to stimulate the desire to travel is the work of a new kind of expert, who, writes Mr. E. P. Hulst in the "Street Railway Journal," has been called into existence by the growth of electric traction.

"Catching two swans and making crate, 42," was the bill sent in by his Majesty's inspector of swans to Middlesbrough Park Committee. But, as the swans were a gift from his Majesty, the committee decided that they could not entertain the charge.

Tom Plumb, who, in his day, was one of the finest wicket-keepers in England, died in Northampton Workhouse yesterday, seventy years of age. At one time he owned the Waterloo Hotel, London.

The Rev. Simeon Hardy Bennett has just been adjudicated a bankrupt in the York County Court.

Too many half-crowns and florins are, it is complained, in circulation in proportion to smaller change.

"A dressmaker of no occupation" was the remarkable description of a prisoner given by the usher in reply to the magistrate at Tower Bridge Police Court.

That he had been in turn seaman, actor, and lively stablekeeper was the statement of Mr. Arthur Henshaw, of St. James's-court, at his examination in bankruptcy yesterday.

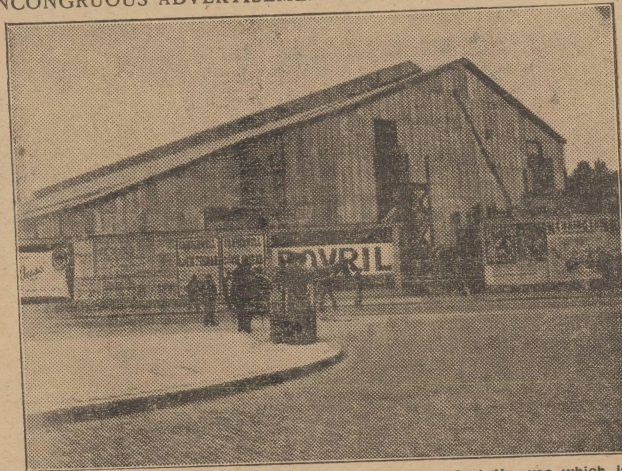
Careful examination is being made of all bridges over rivers and roads in the Manchester district on account of the increasing demands made upon them by heavy motor-traction.

To ensure that only British subjects shall be allowed to serve as mates or masters on British ships, Lord Muskerry has presented a Bill to amend the Merchant Shipping Act.

From the "agony column":—"Mrs. Booth would be glad if the anonymous donor of a gold watch, which is to be sold for the benefit of the Salvation Army's work, would kindly communicate with her in strict confidence."

An agitation is being carried on by Jews in Manchester against allowing money-lenders to occupy places of honour as officers in the synagogue. A Jewish minister declares that the community should abide by the Old Testament condemnation of usury.

INCONGRUOUS ADVERTISEMENTS ROUND A MISSION HALL.



Many devout inhabitants of Brixton are protesting against the use which is being made of the hoarding round the hall erected for the Torrey-Alexander Mission. As will be seen in our photograph, bills advertising beer and theatrical appearances have been posted on it.

Next Monday, Manchester, following the lead of Huddersfield, commences a parcel service by tram-car.

"An apathetic fit" was, according to a defendant charged at the Thames Court with being drunk, what he was really suffering from.

The nerve-racking vibration which riders of motor-bicycles have to endure is said to be the cause of the present stagnation in the business.

The lodging-house keepers of Blackpool are vigorously protesting against the coming Motor Meet because the barricading of the promenade injures business.

A picture, entitled "The Cheat," of a game of bridge between ladies, one of whom looks very angry, is one of this year's successes. The artist is the Hon. John Collier.

To prevent boys under twelve years of age visiting the theatre unless accompanied by their parents is the object of a by-law recommended by the Blackpool Watch Committee.

For selling a revolver without the production of the buyer's licence or entering the transaction in the book to a man who committed suicide, a Croydon ironmonger was fined 5s. and costs.

By the sudden refusal of the local overseers to accept office for the next twelve months and the failure to find substitutes for them, the Greenland (Yorkshire) District Council have been placed in a curious dilemma.

The importation of Chinese labour and the increased influx of natives to the mines on the Rand, said Mr. Ernest G. Mocatta at the meeting of the Anglo-French Exploration Co., put an end to the difficulties in the way of the company's progress.

The Lambeth Guardians have decided to erect a conservatory at the workhouse for the supply of flowers for the infirmary.

Wages will be increased in the north of England iron and steel trade during the next two months by 3d. per ton in puddling, and 2d. per cent. in other classes of work.

The Active Service Club, limited to officers of the Navy and Army and a few civilians who have seen active service, opened its premises at 117, Piccadilly, yesterday.

A little girl of ten years, seeing a man lying face down in the water at Benwell, Newcastle, pluckily dragged him out and turned him over. Then she called a policeman, but the man was dead.

The official confirmation of an American cotton crop of 13,670,000 bales has given great satisfaction in Lancashire. It means plenty of raw material and continued employment at good wages.

Trouble is expected on the Clyde if the engineers and patternmakers press their claim for increased wages. Shipowners are arranging to postpone delivery of orders rather than concede the advances.

School managers in the East End have been holding recreation classes in the evenings, at their own expense, for the benefit of the children of the street. The L.C.C. Education Committee is to be asked to give the free use of the schools for this purpose.

Dancing parties in Glasgow requiring to travel home in the small hours may requisition a special electric tramcar, which will, at the appointed hour, await the dancers at the nearest point on the tramway system, and convey them as far as possible on their way.

LIVES RISKED FOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Terrible Dangers Braved To Secure
Pictures of the War.

CAMERAS UNDER FIRE.

To-day we publish in the photograph reproduced on page 1 an illustration showing how war is being waged in the Far East. It is a photograph actually taken on the battlefield, and the Japanese soldiers appearing therein are under fire from the Russian guns.

Such pictures represent the result of the latest developments of photography, and illustrate in a most striking manner the risks run by those who supply the public with pictorial news. The war artist of a few years ago had a sufficiently dangerous task; but the war photographer of to-day has a far more hazardous occupation. To secure such a photograph as this the man with the camera was compelled to set it up within range of the Russian bullets. Without any of the excitement that keeps a combatant going during a battle, he had to run nearly as much risk as were the fighting men themselves.

ADVANCING UNDER FIRE.

The subject of this picture shows a typical scene on a modern battlefield. The almost certain annihilation to which men who attempt to advance in a mass against modern rifle-fire are exposed was demonstrated in our war in South Africa, and the method in which these Japanese soldiers are advancing is the only one practicable.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER.

The photograph reproduced on page 8 will help people to realise the enormous amount of paper used in producing a modern newspaper with a large circulation. The great reels of paper there shown each weigh half a ton and contain 5,504 yards of paper. Of these some fifty a day are turned into *Daily Mirror*. Twenty-five tons of paper, measuring some 157 miles! And, in addition to these, there are twenty more reels of paper used for printing the bills.

THE CITY.

Rush for the Japanese Loan—Covered
Ten Times Over—Russians Helped
by Peace Rumours.

CAPET COURT, Wednesday Evening.—Business was slack on the Stock Exchange to-day, and the progress of the settlement, of course, interfered. But the revival of peace stories helped one or two sections considerably, and from banking circles there came news of cheaper money conditions to help the markets along. Of course, the greatest possible interest was taken in the Japanese loan. There was a big rush of applicants, and many people were waiting outside the issuing banks at eight o'clock in the morning. At 2.30 p.m. the lists were closed, and it was estimated that the London portion of the loan on the new loan had slipped off to 1½ in the morning, hardened up to 1½ at the finish, and 1 premium was given for results. The older Japanese loans were derived benefit. Russians also were helped by the peace derived benefit. Russians also were helped by the peace derived benefit.

Consols improved to 91½. Gilt-edged stocks as a whole were good. But Home Rails were dull. There was no pronounced weakness, but the traffics were very decidedly disappointing. The market professed to be unable to understand them.

American Revival.

Quite a feature of the day was the revival in the American market, where it seemed to be thought that recent pessimism was overdone. New York at first did not look like accepting our advance prices, and so there was a see-saw tendency, but the market never went back very much. Canadian Pacific were buoyant at 132½ on an excellent February statement, and also very increase. The Grand Trunk statement was also very good, being above expectations, and 489,700 net increase. The Grand Trunk statement was also very increase. The Grand Trunk statement was also very increase. The Grand Trunk statement was also very increase.

Of mines there was really very little to say. After being fairly fair, South Africans closed dull. Nobody takes any interest in them, and nobody seems to want them. The news of the Rhodesia Copper Company's find of gold might just as well have been shouted in the wilderness. Some of the market men were "tipping" certain of the West African shares. Other people simply laughed. And that shows the mood of the moment as regards nearly all mining shares.

*The latest home news is what the Briton abroad wants, and the Over-Seas "Daily Mail" undoubtedly contains the best weekly budget.

On receipt of 5s. this unique journal is sent postage paid for 52 weeks to any postal address in the world.

A specimen copy forwarded on application to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carnelite House, London, E.C.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
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 LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1910 and 2190 Holborn.
 TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
 PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1905

BLACK LUNGS OR WHITE?

TO-DAY the Coal Smoke Abatement Society holds its annual meeting in London, under the presidency of a Royal Duke. What will the members do—content themselves with general talk about the harm which is done by smoke, and express a pious hope that "some day" it may be abated; or put forward business-like proposals for abating it forthwith? If they take the latter course they may be assured beforehand of the support of all sensible people.

What harm does coal-smoke do? Well, to begin with, it damages property in London alone to the amount of four millions sterling every year.

It lessens the amount of sunlight we get in London by fifty per cent.
 It kills our trees and plants and flowers by depriving them of sunshine.

It makes us morose and discontented, and drives three out of every ten of us to drink.

It makes our lungs ready to welcome the tubercle bacillus, and therefore fills our consumption hospitals.

In the anatomical museum at Edinburgh University may be seen three pairs of human lungs, preserved in spirits of wine. The first pair are white; they are the lungs of a man who lived all his life in pure air. The second are grey; they were the property of one who lived in a town where chimneys were polluting the air with coal-smoke all day long.

The third pair of lungs are quite black. The tissues are choked with carbon. They belonged to a miner, a man who had spent the best part of his life among coal-dust. Such lungs positively invite the deadly consumption germ to enter in and flourish; and the grey lungs of the citizen are, though in a less degree, also predisposed to its attacks.

How can the ravages of the Coal Fiend be lessened? Only by lessening the amount of smoke. And that could be done at once by passing a law to prevent any grates which do not consume their smoke from being put into our houses. Much is to be hoped, too, from the increase of cooking by gas.

If the society press for the law we have suggested, and also take pains to point out the advantages in cost and comfort of doing away with the kitchen range in favour of a gas-stove, they will certainly be on the right road towards abating one of the greatest nuisances of modern city life.

BABIES IN GAOL.

What would be the appropriate punishment for magistrates who send children under twelve to prison? Are there any such monstrous dispensers of "justice" to be found in this country? Indeed, there are. Last year no fewer than eight little things of tender years were committed to gaol for "crimes" brought to the notice of our Dogberrys in various parts of England.

It is ridiculous to hold mites of ten and eleven responsible for their actions in a legal sense. They are often "naughty," but they cannot be considered as law-breakers, for the very good reason that they know nothing about the law. No child of tender age would be allowed to appeal to the law except through some grown-up person. How, then, can we reasonably apply the law to it in its own poor little person?

It is a disgrace to the Bench and to our common humanity that such dunder-headed cruelty should be displayed. If the Lord Chancellor does not remove these blots on the magistrature, then the people of their neighbourhoods should lose no opportunity of showing what they think of child-imprisonment and the men guilty of it.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The more prosaic our ordinary duties the more necessary it is to keep up the tone of our minds by frequent visits to that higher region of thought and feeling, in which every work seems dignified in proportion to the ends for which, and the spirit in which, it is done.—*John Stuart Mill.*

MR. SARGENT, whose long-expected exhibition of paintings at the Carfax Galleries opens to-day, is as imaginative and vague as are most artists and writers. To illustrate his vagueness let me tell the story of a dinner invitation which he received for Christmas Day a few years ago. He thought he had proved himself an acute man of the world when he replied accepting it in these words: "You do not mention the date, but as I see that last year Christmas Day fell on the twenty-fifth, I suppose this year it will be on the twenty-sixth, will it not?"

Mr. Sargent is very fond of hunting. A story told in connection with his love of the sport shows how strangely, almost morbidly, imaginative he is. He had gone for a few days to Fairford with his friend Edwin Abbey. After the day's hunting he went to his bedroom to change his clothes, and thence Mr. Abbey soon heard cries of "Horrible! Horrible!" proceeding. He rushed in. "My dear fellow, what's the matter?" "My horse,"

produce it for a few weeks before her visit to London. He clamoured for a longer run, and, finally, as Mme. Bernhardt refused to listen to him, he withdrew his play and buried it in a drawer, where it lay with some faded violets, placed there as symbols of the vanity of hope. Now the play has been taken out of the drawer and the violets shaken from it. Hope was not vain after all.

It is to be hoped that all actors and actresses, prompted by the phenomenal success of Miss Marie Dainton, who is said to have made £100,000 by skilful speculation, will not rush wildly into financial adventures. Everybody ought to understand that Miss Dainton is an exceptionally good woman of business, who must have had exceptional luck. She is also a very wise woman, for she has determined to save the money for her distant old age. Miss Dainton went on the stage when she was twelve, so, in spite of her long stage experience, she is still only a girl.

The most remarkable part of this experience of hers was undoubtedly the tour she made in America

was oiled and curled, and worn well down towards the shoulder. He walked as if on his tip-toes—his head daintily turned sideways, while his light, sparkling eyes and his general air of elegance and grace somewhat suggested to us the aspect of a canary or a love-bird.

Here are some scraps of the conversation that took place:—

Delegate: Is it true that modern pictures don't stand so well as Old Masters? Don't the colours fade sooner?

Whistler: No, it is not true. Modern pictures do not fade—and therein lies their complete damnation!

Delegate: The tones of the portrait are not very brilliant, are they?

Whistler: Brilliant! No, why should they be? Are you brilliant? No. Am I brilliant? Not at all. We are very ordinary-looking people, not by any means highly-coloured. The picture says that and no more.

When the delegates attempted to talk business he simply said: "My dear ruddy-faced Scots, we must never condescend to haggle about money." And he kept to this position all the time.

RUSSIA WATCHES ENVIOUSLY THE SUCCESS OF THE JAPANESE LOAN.



While France and Germany both decline to lend Russia money to carry on the war with Japan finds both Britain and America only too anxious to let her have as much as she likes to ask for.

said Mr. Sargent, "put his foot through my hat to-day. Look at it. I was just thinking how horrible it would have been if my head had been inside!"

Admirers of both the distinguished people concerned will be pleased to hear that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Catulle Mendès, the well-known French poet and playwright, have made up what Mme. Bernhardt once declared was to be an irreparable quarrel, and that the great actress will produce M. Mendès's play, after all. The circumstances of the quarrel are well worth remembering. Mme. Bernhardt had appeared as Hamlet, and M. Mendès admired her hugely in the part. On the first night he went out after one of the acts and fell to discussing the play with another dramatic critic, who asserted that Mme. Bernhardt was not fat enough for Hamlet. M. Mendès thereupon flatly contradicted the critic, who retorted by slapping M. Mendès once, hard and resolutely, in the face.

A duel followed, and M. Mendès was wounded. Distracted with grief the divine Sarah visited him wounded, and promised, by way of balsam to the wound, to produce his play on Saint Theresa. M. Mendès quickly recovered, and presented his play. But he discovered that Sarah only intended to

a few years ago. She was extremely popular, and therefore besieged day and night by enterprising journalists who wanted her to do remarkable and violent things which might bring credit upon the newspapers they represented. This one of them informed her that he had arranged an automobile "accident" which was to happen to her on Broadway, and from which he was to have the privilege of extricating her. Another suggested that she should ride down Broadway on a bicycle in "bloomers" and a bowler hat.

Paris is rapidly being crowded with distinguished foreigners—English and American especially—most of whom are returning from their winter seasons in the south. Paris is always full at this time of year, when people are on their way back from the Riviera and Egypt, and just at present it is made additionally attractive by the unusually interesting plays which are being performed there. Signora Duse's performances are being attended by the whole of artistic and literary Paris.

A vivid sketch of Whistler has been given in the "Glasgow Evening Citizen" by one of the delegates sent to London to buy the famous portrait of Carlyle for the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery. The painter received them in a brown velvet jacket and loose French tie. "His hair

Professor Sevik, the greatest teacher of the violin the world has seen, comes to London to-day, and will attend the recital of one of his latest pupils, Sametini. The teacher of Kubelik, Marie Hall, and a host of others, himself cherished the ambition, when a poor student, of becoming a great virtuoso. Unfortunately he became blind in one eye, which put an end to hopes of a concert career. In a humble attic in Budapest, Sevik first started to give lessons. Then he launched Kubelik into the musical world, and pupils flocked to him from all parts of the universe.

Now he turns hundreds away every year, and can charge any fees he likes. He has no ambition, however, to become rich, and consequently his fees are never exorbitant. They tell some amusing stories of how Sevik endeavours to get away from his pupils for a rest. Once he disappeared from the city. In a few days his pupils found that he was in hiding in a country village. They followed him at once, and positively dragged him from the woods to get their lessons!

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. George Edwardes.

TO be the inventor of musical comedy is about as much celebrity as a man can very well bear at once, but he has another claim to fame just now. He is the defendant in the most amusing case which has been heard for years. "The Cingalee" lawsuit has been funnier even than the play itself.

All it misses is the gorgeous setting which one now associates with any production under his management.

All his plays are magnificent. The public wants magnificence and colour and bright music, so the public gets them, for his motto is, "The public never makes a mistake." He has arrived at that from watching the public and watching his box-office. What the public likes is what is good. Popularity equals talent.

The result is that he does not mind how many artists he engages, for he generally knows their value—that is to say, their popularity—better than they do themselves.

Another reason for his success is that he is never satisfied. If one of his plays has a bad first night, he sets to work to find out what is the matter with it. If it has a good one, he still sets to work to improve it. In fact, the only performances of his plays are, to him, only rehearsals.

Personally he is one of the most genial of characters. He does not mind men with whom he is doing business calling him "George." They learn to call him "Mr. Edwardes" when they think over the business afterwards.

He is an excellent chess-player, and he knows the points of a horse better even than those of a play.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 29.—Boisterous winds make it necessary to tie up the crown imperials and downcups. The latter are beginning to flower.

There is no reason why a small garden should not contain, in addition to flowers, a few plants useful for culinary purposes. Parsley can now be sown. It makes a very pretty edging to a bed.

Roots of thyme, sage, and mint are to be cheaply obtained, and are much appreciated in the kitchen. Mustard and cress should be sown in boxes or in the open next month. Sow the cress a few days before the mustard, as the latter comes up first.

E. F. T.



THROUGH MIRROR LENSES



HONOURED FOR SAVING LIFE.



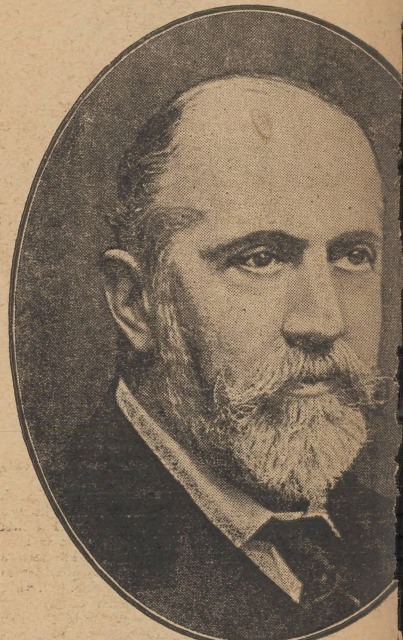
Captain T. C. Mackenzie, D.S.O., has been awarded the Stanhope gold medal by the Royal Humane Society for jumping overboard and saving the life of a youth in the Ionian Sea.—(Lafayette.)

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD MAYORESS.



Miss S. M. Kay Butcher, though she is only twelve years old, acts as Mayoress of Bury, and recently opened a sale of work in the town. Miss Butcher is the daughter of the Mayor.

KING EDWARD'S PRESENT



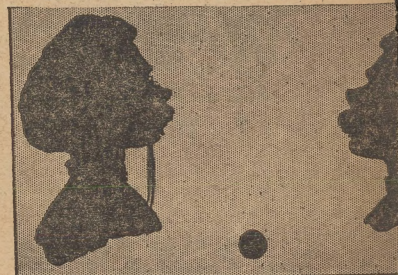
The Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, who at his Knowsley Hall, has the honour of entertaining the guest.—(Langfier.)

DELIVERING THE PAPER ON WHICH TO-DAY'S "DAILY MIRROR" IS PRINTED.



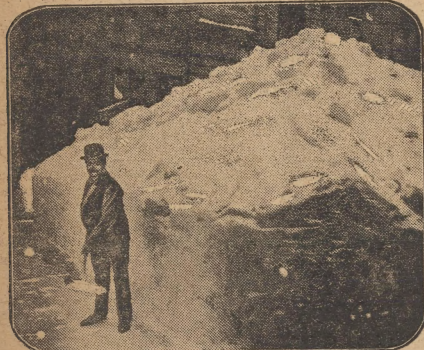
Delivering the paper for the *Daily Mirror* at the printing office. Each of the great reels shown in this photograph weighs half a ton, and over seventy reels of paper are used every day.

SILHOUETTE PORTRAITS THAT



A postcard bearing the above device is at present ver Russia. The portraits are those of Maxime Gorky and "Skitalitz," and the inscription beneath them reads, "portraits for a few seconds, then bring them near the they will be seen to kiss."

SNOW IN STANLEY STREET, MONTREAL.



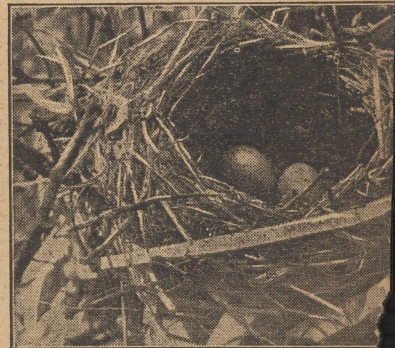
Though Canadians bitterly resented their country being called "Our Lady of the Snows," this photograph suggests that there were grounds for such a description. It shows the effect of a recent snowstorm in Montreal, where the snow was twenty-five feet deep.

DOOMED CITY STALL.



For seventy years this fruit stall has stood in Change-alley, in the City, but it will be seen there for the last time to-morrow. Its owner recently died, and the police refuse to allow his son to keep the stall, on the grounds that it obstructs the traffic.

BIRDS' NEST BUILT WITH P



A dozen thrushes' nests, in which strips of paper had used, are now to be seen in a field near Rickmansworth and hounds run had passed close by, and the birds of paper thrown down by the hounds.

"The Cingalee" case in Court



Mr. J. F. TANNER. (C. H. Park.)

This is the man whose name appears Upon "The play that — wrote."



Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES (in the centre), with Mr. MALCOLM WATSON (on the left) and Captain BASIL HOOD.

This is the man who owns the play, "The play that we know that — wrote."



Captain FRASER. (C. H. Park.)

This is the man who says that he First wrote "The play that — wrote."

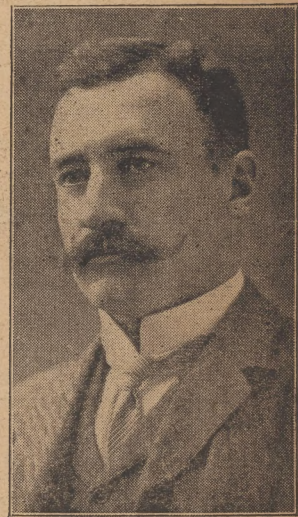


Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT.

This is the man who chiefly made The success of "The play that — wrote."



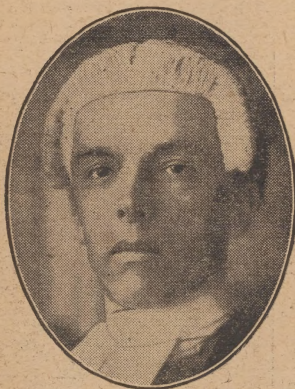
A scene from "The play that — wrote."—"Stage Pictorial".



(Ellis and Walery.)

Mr. J. E. MALONE.

This is the man of practical skill Who staged "The play that — wrote."



(Elliott and Fry.)

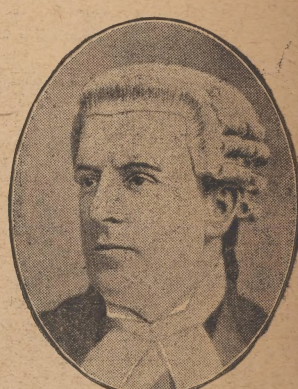
Mr. JUSTICE DARLING.

This is the man who tried the case, "Who wrote 'The play that — wrote.'"



The ladies discussing the case are those Who played in "The play that — wrote."

(C. H. Park.)



(Russell.)

Mr. C. F. GILL, K.C.

This is a man who received a brief In the case of "The play that — wrote."

NO MORE MRS. GAMPS OR BETSY PRIGS.

After To-morrow All Midwives Must Be Certificated, but Qualified Women Are Scarce.

"Inspectors and case-books, indeed! I'd rather give up altogether."

"Yes, and washing dresses, and disinfectants, and what not! There won't be much profit in it."

"I don't know what they're making all this fuss about. I've practised over twenty years, and never heard tell of inspectors and disinfectants."

"And very well we were without them. Barrin' an accident or two—and that will happen to the best of my cases all done very well, and none of this nonsense—washin', and disinfectin', and reportin'!"

The above conversation between two portly old women, in a Kentish village, expresses pretty well the general view of the rural midwives upon the application of the Midwives Act, passed last session, which provided that after March, 1905, no one should be allowed to take the title of midwife unless certificated.

The reign of these ignorant Sairey Gamps and Betsy Prigs is over. Rather than conform to the regulations enforcing cleanliness and order, they have retired from the field.

DILL-WATER DOOMED.

"The supervising authority," says the Act, "shall make arrangements to secure a proper inspection of every midwife's case-book, bag of appliances, and, when thought necessary, an inspection of her place of residence, and an investigation of her mode of practice." This regulation has completely bowled the Sairey Gamps over.

Three-fourths of the midwives who have hitherto practised have refrained from registering themselves in accordance with the new Act, and are therefore debarred from the further exercise of their profession. A few have retired with their tattered old black gowns, grey shawls, and peppermint drops, with their belief in themselves, in dill-water, in castor-oil, and in the toughness of the human infant.

It is now some years since superstition gave way to science in large cities in this matter of the care of mothers and infants; but in the country the bad old methods have been adhered to. Mothers have had their lives imperilled by the midwives' fear of fresh air and water. Infants have died their carefully-prepared digestions upset from the very start by the invariable dose of sugar and water given by midwives in an insane desire to see if the children "could swallow."

With the Gamps, too, will go the system of over-feeding the infant, which they justified by saying

that the stomach would "throw up" what it couldn't hold, and that an infant should be allowed to drink "as much as ever it likes."

No doubt the midwives have, "barring accidents," done good work in their time; but it is a matter of thankfulness that their work is now to be put into more capable hands. The only question is—Where are these hands?

We can expect nothing but confusion for a few months when we are confronted with the fact that, out of 10,333 midwives, only 2,682 intend to continue practising under the new Act.

Whole districts seem likely to be left without any midwives at all—and what is to happen to the poor women who are about to add to the population of these districts? For example, under the old régime, Bedfordshire had seventy-three midwives; under the new régime it has none—not a single one! Essex, from possessing 200, has now only thirty-nine in the list. Lancashire has dropped from 2,214 to 902, and it is the same all over the country.

CHANCE FOR WOMEN WORKERS.

This is a very serious matter. The majority of poor mothers cannot afford to employ a doctor, and the unregistered midwife dare not attend them.

What are they to do?

Surely here is an opening for the ever-growing crowd of women workers, with whom most of the labour markets are overstocked. It is not everyone who has the qualities necessary to make a good accoucheuse—for the name "midwife" is apt to be scorned. But for women who have a good supply of common sense, presence of mind, neatness, kindness of heart, and strength of will, there could hardly be a calling more helpful to the whole race than that of the fully qualified midwife.

At every birth she has the care of two lives—that of the mother and the child. It depends greatly upon her what chances they both have of health and happiness when the crisis of the birth is over.

NEW LIFE BRINGS DEATH.

Few people perhaps realise that over 5,000 women die annually in England in child-birth from want of proper attention—valuable lives are lost, children are left motherless, when a little care could have saved them.

Almost daily one reads of infants succumbing to improper feeding, ice-cream, tomatoes, and tinned salmon, or fried potatoes and tripe with onions. The parents, in the innocence of their hearts, thinking that the baby should share their luxuries, or perhaps anxious to keep it quiet, stuff the tender little stomachs with food which it cannot digest, and the infant suffers and dies, or drags out a weary, dyspeptic existence.

Our new accoucheuse will do much to remedy this state of things in a few sensible talks with the young mother on the baby's stomach, its capacity, its duty, and its importance.

Surely this is a calling worthy of good women—to save life and to help to live.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

DOCTORS AND ALCOHOL.

To argue without a postulate is to waste time. Perhaps, therefore, Mr. D. Z. Beaumont will kindly reply to my question re the desert island.

Should he be unable to do so as a medical man, he can, at least, do so as a critic of alcohol.

DAVID JAMES, M.D.
2, Ashworth Mansions, Elgin-avenue, W.

SOLDIERING AND CHRISTIANITY.

The Rev. A. C. Fillingham says that a soldier is a hired assassin.

I know personally a good many Christian soldiers. Is Mr. Fillingham not committing the unpardonable sin by calling God's chosen vessels murderers?

Warley, Essex.

DERIVATION OF "JAM."

Jam is in everybody's mouth now (in more than one sense), and, puzzled by the word, I tried yesterday to find out how it came into the language, but without success.

Can anyone suggest a derivation? When was the word first used?
ELLIOT LANG.
Carstairs, N.B.

PARSONS AND POLITICS.

Let everyone keep to his own work. When the parson is urged to advocate this, that, and the other—housing of the poor, total abstinence, social purity, and so on—he can say, "My friends, I teach the knowledge and love of God, which includes all these."

If the majority of the nation were Godfearing—the greater including the less—they would be temperate and chaste.

If the majority of the nation were temperate and pure, poverty and crime would be little known.

It is the parson who strikes at the root of the tree.
N. C.
Abergele, North Wales.

ARMY RATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I thoroughly endorse "Subaltern's" remarks as to tinned "beef steaks."

I have seen a fair amount opened. But anything resembling beef was conspicuous by its absence.

With dread I recall the time when a portion of that rancid mixture compulsorily formed part of my ration.

Southfields, S.W.

I left a business, a wife, and two children and went out to South Africa, paying my own fare, and joined Brabant's Horse the day I landed.

My experience was this: the bullock-beef was all right if you were hungry; the Maconochie rations splendid, and the jam a decided success. Mine may have been an exceptional experience, as I only served from Cape Town to within forty miles of Mafeking, and may always have been lucky.

EX-BRABANT'S HORSE.

OUR NEW
SERIAL - -

SOULS ADRIFT.

By ALICE and - -
CLAUDE ASKEW.

FOR NEW READERS.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROBERT LIDIARD. An artist of eccentric genius, with a leaning towards the horrible—a painter of cruel temperaments whom English dealers refused to patronise, a talent, excited, courted beyond all reason, and married to an innocent, charming girl.

CECILIA LIDIARD. Robert's wife. She ran away from her friends to marry him in Paris.

MONTEAGUE STONE. A rich portrait-painter who, out of pure regard for Cecilia and admiration of Robert's talent, has kept the Lidiards going with money without arousing a spark of gratitude in the egotistical Robert.

JULIAN DARELL. An artist whom Robert Lidiard robbed in Paris.

In the opening scene of this story we are introduced to the studio of Robert Lidiard, where we see the artist re-creating over a stroke of his latest picture the gold medal at the Paris Salon, and his vanity knows no bounds. He confesses to his wife that he had contemplated suicide for himself and her, when his new cause as a reprobate.

Almost immediately after an evening party announces that a Frenchman has won the medal, and Robert plunged into despair, attempts to poison himself, and persuades his wife to join him. She, however, fails him at the last moment, and the fatal draught, while he drops, apparently lifeless, at her feet.

She flies in panic into the streets, and is run over by a carriage. For a long time she is ill. When she recovers Mrs. Chesson finds that she can sing, and that she is peculiarly suited to the principal part in "The Puritan Girl," a musical comedy which Mr. Chesson is producing on tour.

Montague Stone, an artist who had befriended the Lidiards, revives Robert, so that he does not die, and tells him that the first news was right. After all, Lidiard has won the medal; and, even in her experience, wife, quite without precedent. To entrust a girl who had had no experience whatever of the stage with the first part in a popular musical comedy; to allow her but a week or so for training, and to send her out with the chief provincial company, where

failure at the beginning might mean the ruin of the whole tour—it was this that Paula Chesson had undertaken, and it was only natural that loud protests were raised by those who had the management of the company. Moreover, Cecilia was to be put in over the heads of competent actresses, and considerable ill-feeling would be caused in consequence. Luckily for Paula's plans Rosie Bellairs, who had been cast for the part since Miss Featherston refused to go on tour, had been suddenly taken ill and was prevented from fulfilling her engagement.

"Though I believe," as Fred Johnson, the manager, grumbled to himself, "Mrs. Chesson would have had her own way even if poor Rosie had been fit and well."

Yet even Fred Johnson was before long constrained to admit that Mrs. Chesson had shown much of her peculiar aptitude for recommending the right person. Perhaps, too, he found himself unexpectedly helped out of the difficulty which had arisen owing to the illness of Rosie Bellairs. Also he was astute enough to recognise that Miss Cecilia Melwyn—for such was the name by which Cecilia had elected to be called—promised to be far more of an acquisition than he had anticipated.

"She looks the part," he muttered as he watched her at rehearsal, "and her voice is all right. If she had only had a little more experience of the stage and I was not so mortally afraid that she would give way to fright at the first public performance! That's the great danger." He followed her movements critically as he spoke. "She's all right, but, I think," he went on, "Seems to have a wonderful aptitude, and doesn't forget a hint when I give it her." "He is right," he concluded, "I am inclined to think that Mrs. Chesson will score again."

Mrs. Chesson, indeed, was delighted at the progress made by her protégée. She, too, watched the rehearsals with the keenest interest, and as day succeeded day she felt absolutely convinced of the justice of her choice. Cecilia, too, had thrown herself heart and soul into her new vocation. She loved it for its own sake, and she realised now that the indefinite ambition of her early days was being fulfilled. She longed passionately, too, for the day when the company should start and she should

find herself in distant Devonshire. Then, indeed, she would be absolutely sundered from the terrors that haunted her day and night in London. The desire to achieve success in her new profession ruled almost to insignificance before this longing to escape from London.

One afternoon—it was but five or six days before the company was announced to give its first performance—Cecilia was driving back to Sloane-street after a rehearsal, at which she had more than ever proved her competence to undertake the part allotted to her. It was late, going on for eight o'clock, and the lamps of the Embankment—for it was by that route that Cecilia had elected to return—had already been lit. She glanced carelessly through the open window of the brougham towards the river, noticing how deserted the footway appeared at this time of the evening.

Suddenly she started back, for something about the figure of a man who was leaning over the parapet appeared familiar to her. The attitude was one which her husband was wont to adopt when he drew back from a picture to contemplate the touches which he had just made.

"It cannot be—it cannot be," she cried to herself in a paroxysm of fear. "He is dead—I know that he is dead." Yet, as she looked again the man turned, and in her heart she felt convinced that it was indeed her husband. Her heart beat painfully and every nerve in her body tingled with indefinable fear. The carriage swept on. She dared not stop it. But she craned her neck to see once more the figure which had been the cause of the alarm.

In a momentary flash she caught sight of a pale distorted face, but it was enough. She was sure—quite sure—that her husband lived. She fell back, almost fainting, against the soft cushions of the carriage, and it was not till she reached Sloane-street and the sanctuary of her own room that she was able to concentrate her thoughts upon the knowledge she had acquired and the bearing it might have upon her future life.

Her husband alive! She had never dreamed of the possibility of this. Had she not seen him lying dead at her feet? Surely this that she had just witnessed must be some illusion, some phantasm of her own brain? Her terror of being seen and

TO H.M. THE KING.

BUCHANAN'S "SPECIAL" SCOTCH WHISKY

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

CREDIT

IN these competitive days personal appearance counts for success or failure. Every young man should therefore carefully consider that fact in connection with this proposition, viz., We offer on credit terms a splendidly made lounge suit which will give that smart personal appearance desired by you, and it will be admired also by your friends. It will be one of those well-made suits which will give that extra touch of distinction. It will be made of good and wisely selected cloth—spring pattern and lined with pleasing material, and fit perfectly. Every detail will be the most expert tailoring can devise. The suit will be fashionable, proper style, and cost little—only 34s. Orders by post receive prompt and careful attention. Our cash discount is 2s. in the £. We send a self-measuring ment form and book of patterns with each lot of patterns.

MEN'S BOOTS.
Leather lined, kid legs, and constructed on comfort principles, and look as smart as style could wish for useful wear. They are as good a boot as the 15s. line of most makers. We have a large stock of men's boots. Write for and particularly mention "Boot" catalogue. With it we will send self-measuring ment form. For Cash orders we allow 2s. in the £ discount.

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CURZON BROS. (Dept. 155)
62 & 62, City-rd., FINCHURCH, LONDON, E.C.

(Continued on page 11.)

DEAD PRINCE SAID TO BE ALIVE.

Prince Rudolph of Austria, of Traglo
Memory, Reported To Be
In America.

The Royal House of Hapsburg possesses more romances than any other. There seems to be a fate upon Austrian princes and archdukes.

Sixteen years ago the world was shocked to hear of the tragic death of the Crown Prince Rudolph, heir to the Austrian throne. It was known that he and his father, in Austria many people refused to believe that he was really dead.

Now this belief has been strengthened by a statement which comes from America that he has been seen there by an Austrian family, and that, on being accused of his identity, he at once left the place, where he was working as a common dock-hand. The story says, too, that he is only waiting till the death of his father, the Emperor, to return and claim the throne.

There is, however, no doubt of the death of Prince Rudolph. The circumstances under which he committed suicide, as deeply tragical as ever imagined by novelist or dramatist, are fully authenticated, and complete details have leaked out in later years.

He was married for State reasons to Princess Stephanie of Belgium, but soon after his marriage fell in love with the Baroness Marie Vetsera, an exceptionally beautiful and fascinating woman of his own country.

PARTY BY THE EMPEROR.

Their love for each other became an absolute madness, and Prince Rudolph applied secretly to the Pope that his marriage to the Princess Stephanie might be dissolved. The Pope communicated at once with the Emperor, and a stormy interview between father and son followed. Eventually the Crown Prince consented to give up his love.

The lovers met again in Vienna, and a heart-breaking farewell took place between them. But the Baroness secured a promise that they should once more meet at the Prince's shooting-box.

They met there as he had promised. There was a gay little party in spite of the shadow overhanging the two chief characters.

At one o'clock the Baroness retired. Over an hour later the Prince followed.

Next morning the Prince's door was forced when no answer could be obtained to repeated knockings. A terrible sight confronted those who entered. On a sofa was the body of the Baroness, dead. On the floor was the body of the Crown Prince, dead. The head shattered by a pistol shot. The doctor who saw the bodies certified that the Baroness

had been dead for an hour before the Prince left the dining-room. She had left a note for her lover, imploring him to follow her, and had then taken poison. There is a ghastly photograph in the possession of the Emperor, which shows the shattered head as the body lies prepared for burial.

But there is another member of the Austrian Royal Family who tragically disappeared, and in whose being alive the Austrian people still believe. He is the Archduke John. In his case, as there is no proof of his death, the belief is not so unnatural.

The determination of the Hapsburg family in John's disappearance. He quarrelled violently with the aged field-marshal, Archduke Albert, gave up all his military titles, and left the country.

From Austria he came to England, and was at once secretly married in a registrar's office in Islington. He then bought a ship in Liverpool, and set sail for South America with his bride. The vessel called at Monte Video, but since then he has been heard of no more. Numerous reports have been circulated, and many people profess to have met him. One report says that he is living quietly in South America under the name of John Orth.

JAPANESE OR AUSTRIAN?

There is another story, and that a sensational one, that the Archduke John, John Orth, and the Japanese General Yamagata are one and the same.

The strategy of the Japanese General Yamagata is declared to be exactly those which the Archduke John had held in his published writings. It is also declared that the princely family of Yamagata had never been heard of in Japan until the outbreak of the Chino-Japanese war, and that Austrians were especially debarred from serving with the Japanese in that war.

Other members of the Austrian royal family have disappeared, but not so completely.

The Archduke Leopold, brother of the ill-fated Crown Prince of Saxony, renounced his royal rank and claims to marry an actress. He now lives a retired life in Switzerland under the name of Leopold Wolfing.

The Archduke Louis Salvador has retired from Court life to an old manor in a wild part of the primitive island of Majorca.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

AN ANGLES' HOURS, by H. T. Sheringham. Macmillan, 6s. The author is Angles, and he knows his subject. He avoids giving advice as much as possible, and is content to present the facts of the life of the ordinary uninitiated mortal long for a rod and staff.

THE BELL AND THE ARROW, by Mrs. W. H. Chesson (Nora Hopper). Werner Laurie, 6s. Two children, a kidnaping baby, and a love story, combined with clever writing, make a good story.

FAULT OR BAD LUCK?

Instances of Failure Attributed Solely
to Persistent Ill-Fortune.

The letter, in the *Daily Mirror* of Tuesday, from a correspondent signing himself "M.D.," and asking whether it was really possible for a man or woman to fail in life simply through ill-luck, has met with a large response.

A very large number of readers seem to have views on this interesting question, and many of them found their opinions on their own personal experiences.

One letter which we give below is a reasoned plea in favour of the misfortune theory of failure: I never write to papers on general subjects, but the letter of your correspondent "M.D." tempts me to break my rule. I myself have "missed success through no fault or incompetence on my part, simply owing to 'bad luck.'"

I have had to fight the battle of life absolutely single-handed since I was fifteen. My school career was brilliant: it cost my father practically nothing, as I earned my education by scholarships. I am a graduate of one university, my degree being obtained chiefly by private study; I held scholarships at two others—then circumstances over which I had no control compelled me to unwillingly resign.

I never had one friend to back me up with influence or money since my parents died, or during their lifetime; I have worked my way along in more than one profession single-handed, been through practical ruin more than once, and—started again!

NO FRIENDS TO HELP.

When I came to London twenty-one years ago I had no one to help me, and have no single influential friend now! I have achieved a measure of success in several ways, my name is not unknown in my present profession, and yet I cannot trace any single success, however small, to luck.

I have lost all my ideals and ambitions. I have nothing to live for but J. S. d. Yet I am healthy, have a good constitution, possess all my energies, and look younger than most men of my age.

I have never given way to excess at drink or smoking, though I have tasted almost every kind of pleasure and seen nearly everything that life has to show to the ordinary Englishman, apart from travel, which I have never been able to afford.

I am not worth a sovereign in the world, and have for years had to be content to earn by hard work and ingenuity a bare hand-to-mouth existence.

Knowing my ill-luck, I have never given way to betting, though I have been on a racecourse in my life. There is no possible, probable, shadow of doubt whatever that ill-luck has been a predominant factor in my career.

B. A.

LIFE'S LITTLE ILLS.

How many people actually realise that what they complacently term "life's little ills" are not life's little ills at all, but merely ills they have brought upon themselves—through negligence as bad, if not worse, than deliberate evil.

Small things go to make life pleasant, and equally small items make up the sum of human ills. Regularity, care, and attention to common-sense rules are what

MAKE LIFE SUNNY.

Slavish adherence to rules is not necessary, but a deviation from them should be followed by respite in order to give nature time to recuperate.

Smiling and pleasant faces make the sunshine of life, and any "little ill" which clouds that sunshine should be strenuously avoided.

Nature has provided an admirable mirror for the reflection of her brightness in the delicate garment with which she has invested our bodies. The skin, with its delicate texture and its myriad pores which practically form a breathing organ, is in reality nature's blanket which thinly, but marvellously and effectually, envelops the entire exterior of the body. Its healthy well-being should be our first care, and we may thus avoid so many of these so-called little ills of life.

THE FIRST CARE

as stated in these columns before, is cleanliness. The real object of a bath is simply that of cleanliness, to remove foreign impurities from the surface of the skin, and to prevent the pores being clogged by their own secretions. It need scarcely be said that the action of the alkali of soaps and by friction; that the use of warm water, owing to its immediate stimulation of the skin, promotes the separation of impurities both on the surface and those which stop up the pores; and the vapour of water is even more efficient than water itself.

In spite, however, of care and precaution, accidents occur and from one cause or another skin troubles arise. We purpose just lightly touching upon the more common and everyday ailments, with hints as to their cure.

FACIAL BLEMISHES.

As most of the ills are on the face and the neck, it is invariably these parts that are affected by such humiliating skin troubles as blackheads, blotches, pimples, and face spots. This makes it all the more desirable that the trouble should be quickly cured. The parts affected should be freely washed with hot water and "Antexema Soap," which should be allowed to lather freely, and be well rubbed into the skin. If there are any inflamed or mattery pimples, "Antexema" should be gently rubbed into them after the soap has been used, and it is also advisable to take a course of "Antexema Granules." The treatment, whenever possible, should be combined with cold baths and such forms of vigorous exercise as cycling, boxing, swimming, cricket, etc. The diet must be sparse and free from butter, fat, meat, pastry, sugar, and rich greasy foods of every kind.

BABY'S SKIN TROUBLES.

Eczema, etc., as it affects children, is frequently caused by the use of strong soaps, and by wearing underclothing from which the soap or soda has been imperfectly removed. Fevers, teething, and a diet containing too much sugar are also frequent complicating causes. "Antexema" being perfectly harmless and non-poisonous, answers equally well for either the baby or the adult.

BAD COMPLEXIONS.

In the form of a red nose, red, rough cheeks, acne rosacea, or flushings, require regular and systematic treatment to correct. The parts should not be rubbed, pinched, or irritated in any way. The diet must be plain and free from all rich, sugary, salted, or high-seasoned food. Plenty of open-air exercise is necessary, and vigorous rubbing of the entire surface of the skin should be resorted to daily, for the purpose of improving the general circulation, and so improving that of the face. Warm woollen underclothing should be worn.

OUT THIS OUT FOR REFERENCE.

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SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

recognised in London would account for much. She began to console herself with the thought that she had been deceived, but pleading a headache and fatigue consequent upon the rehearsal she remained in her own room that evening, and Cecilia, Paul, and the matter to which the latter returned from a dinner-party, having given up the consequent bridge out of anxiety for her friend's health.

Cecilia, however, somewhat recovered by now, reassured Paula. There was no cause for anxiety at all, she said. She would be all right in the morning. And, as the fact was, when the morning came Cecilia had, indeed, recovered her spirits. "It could not have been he," she told herself. "Robert must have a double in London, and it was the double I saw yesterday."

She determined, however, to satisfy herself completely—to do what she had not ventured to do before. She had never dared approach the neighbourhood of Chelsea, since her recovery from her illness, but that afternoon—heavily veiled—she made her way to the street in which Robert Lidiard's studio was situated. Here she paused, uncertain what course to take. She dared not go to the studio itself, though she passed before it, and noticed that the windows were open. This alarmed her for the moment, but she reflected that the house was the property of Montague Stone, and probably by now he had let it or lent it to some other artist friend. For a moment she felt tempted to ring and inquire for Mr. Stone. He was nearly certain to be at home, painting in his own studio those pot-boilers which Robert was wont to do for her. Montague Stone was always been good to her, she reflected. He was the only link of her past life the severing of which she regretted. He would not betray her if she appealed to him now. But, upon reflection, she refrained from this course. To see Montague Stone as Cecilia Lidiard meant to reopen a chapter which she hoped was never concluded. He belonged to the firm of the chaplain. He was a friend of Cecilia Lidiard, not of Cecilia Melwyn.

She passed on and quickly turned the corner into a more populous street.

Still her mind was not relieved, and she had come to a point when it was necessary that she must know the truth, and she had a small shop. It was a stationer's where she herself was unknown but where she knew that Robert was wont to make occasional purchases. She bought some small

article, and then inquired, affecting a casual tone, if an artist of the name of Lidiard lived in the neighbourhood.

"You mean Mr. Robert Lidiard, I suppose," said the shop-keeper in an amiable voice. He was a little old man, sharp-featured, and with twinkling grey eyes. "Yes, he lives close by. Were you wanting to see him?"

"Yes," returned Cecilia. She was hardly able to enquire of the word. If Robert Lidiard had been dead surely this man would have said so without hesitation.

"He lives at the studios in the next street," continued the man. "No. 7, I think it is; but I haven't seen him for the last week, and since he won some medal or other in Paris, and has been for months there, he has gone queer with him. They say he overdid himself with some drug, probably excited by his success, and the doctor had a great job to save him. But he pulled through—somehow—only, a man more utterly changed you never saw in your life. He seems to have gone all to pieces."

The garrulous old man was so much engrossed in his story that he realised that his customer was leaning heavily upon the counter, and that her face appeared white beneath her heavy veil. "Are you ill, miss?" he inquired anxiously.

Cecilia drew herself up sharply, recovering with a violent effort.

"I am well—quite well. Thank you so much for your information. I—I will go and ask for Mr. Lidiard."

"I don't think you will find him," was the reply. "As I told you, I haven't seen him about for quite a week."

Cecilia hardly heard the last words. She had made her way into the street, and was looking helplessly about her for a hansom. She felt bewildered—faint—almost as she had felt when she seized the railings in the park for support. Luckily a small boy quickly hailed a hansom for her, and she found a temporary retreat in its depths.

So it was that she and her eyes had not deceived her. Her husband was alive, and it was her duty to go to him. No new life had dawned for her. All that had happened since her wild flight from the Chelsea studio must be put aside as a fantastic dream. Cecilia Melwyn was no more. Cecilia Lidiard had never ceased to be. No doubt Robert had sought for her; probably he was seeking her in the street, and he was in the blind egotism which she realised now as she had never done during the three years of their married life. He loved her. And she—was she really so indifferent to him? They had married for love, and there

had been no man in her life but Robert Lidiard. He was a broken man, and the old stationer had told her—she had gone completely to pieces. What other cause could there be for this but her desertion of him? Oh, how cruel he must think her! A great pity came over Cecilia—a desire to go at once to her husband and comfort him. At the moment she did not appreciate her true feelings, nor understand the relief which her recent freedom had been to her.

She was nearing Sloane-street—for that was the direction which she had given to the driver of her hansom. By the time she reached the house she had fully made up her mind that she must confess the whole truth to Mrs. Chesson—confess it at once. Her brain was too full of other thoughts to resist that she should wait. She had only half an hour, throw up her engagement with the company about to start upon its provincial tour.

She entered the house and made her way straight up to the drawing-room, expecting to find Mrs. Chesson alone, the words which she would speak upon her lips, but she started back nervously as she became aware that Paula had been a visitor—tall, thin, and pale as Cecilia entered, she had just handed a cup of tea.

Cecilia paid scant heed to the caller, noticing only that he was a stranger to her; it was all she could do to recover her self-possession and assume a correct attitude towards him. It was so difficult to postpone what she had been about to say, that this was his lot, and Paul, who had risen gracefully from her seat as Cecilia entered, "Mr. Julian Darell, Julian, let me introduce you to Miss Melwyn."

Julian Darell smiled and bowed conventionally. Cecilia accepted a cup of tea from her friend's hand. At that moment she would have liked to have run from the room; she could hardly endure the necessity of talking to him on an everyday conversation. She did not notice that Julian Darell was regarding her fixedly and with a peculiar interest. He had heard something of the story of Miss Melwyn from his cousin, and now he was asking himself where he had seen that beautiful face before. He returned absent-minded replies to Paula's comments, and when she said, "I'll tell you the certain pose of Cecilia's head brought to his mind the recollection of a studio—of a crayon drawing. He knew then that he was in the presence of Robert Lidiard's wife.

And she—did she know all that had happened to this man who was her husband, but whom she could not love—or she would not have left him? Was it

(Continued on page 13.)

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SPRING'S DETRIMENTS TO BEAUTY, AND THE CURE.

THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

A VARIETY OF LITTLE ILLS SENSIBLY CONSIDERED.

"I must just add another word on the care of the feet," said Mrs. Templer, addressing herself to Belinda's mother. "It may be a prosaic subject, but so many women suffer from tired and aching feet that I should like to beg them all to try the 'cold water cure'."

"It's simply splendid," interposed Belinda. "Mrs. Templer made me try it, although she said there was little excuse for a girl of eighteen suffering from aching feet, and she was sure I must have been wearing the wrong kind of boots."

"This is the treatment," resumed Mrs. Templer as Belinda paused. "Every morning, winter and summer, dash a large jugful of cold water over each foot and then dry and rub them vigorously with a rough towel. This will make the feet glow on the coldest day, and is an admirable preventive of corns and other pedal ills."

"Corns," groaned Belinda's mother. "If you only knew how I suffered from those wretched excrescences!"

"I'll tell you a simple remedy which cured me of a corn between my toes," put in Julia. "Every night I rubbed it with castor oil mixed with vaseline, and this rendered it so soft that I was able to remove it easily."

Cure for Pimples.

"Is there anything I can do to cure a shiny face?" asked Belinda's mother presently. "What lotion could I ask for this?"

"I fancy that you are troubled with a poor circulation, so the first point is to get this right," replied Mrs. Templer. "Every night wash your face with warm water and a pure emollient soap, and then rinse well in cold water sprinkled with a few drops of eau de Cologne. Then massage the face well with cold cream until the skin glows, and finish by sponging again with tepid water gradually shaded to cold."

"And what lotion should I use?" asked Belinda's mother.

"Mix two ounces of rose-water with one drachm of powdered alum, and let this mixture remain on all night. And you are one of the people whom I strongly recommend to use the lotion composed of one pint of distilled water diluted with fifteen drops of simple tincture of benzoin."

"I hope you have noticed that my face is now quite free from pimples," said Belinda gaily. "Do you remember how I always used to be facially blighted, as if luck would have it, every time I received an invitation?"

Sulphur Bath Result.

"I believe such evils are in our family," sighed the mother, whose chin showed one or two of these distressing spots. "What can I do to cure mine?"

"Live on a plain diet and avoid rich food is the first rule," said Mrs. Templer. "Secondly, take two hot baths a week and a cold bath every morning, followed by plenty of friction with a Turkish towel. Use the electric battery to your face, and for the pimples themselves apply the following mixture:—One drachm each of precipitated sulphur, carbonate of potash, rectified spirit, and glycerine. Mix this to a paste, and apply every night at bed-time."

"Another remedy is to anoint each spot with an ointment made of one ounce of white vaseline with two drachms of sulphate of zinc, and should the pimples be pustulated bathe them with a lotion composed of half a pint of water to which has been added three drops of carbolic acid. And to be sure that this lotion is applied only to the pimples," said Belinda with all the authority of an expert.

"Well, all that sounds very harmless," said the mother. "I don't wish to meet the same fate as a friend of mine who once went into a sulphur bath and came out with her face perfectly black. She had been using a cosmetic containing lead, and the combination of the sulphur and lead was perfectly appalling."

"There is always a certain danger in using face cosmetics, but at the same time do not believe that every one advertised is injurious," replied Mrs. Templer. "Many of them are compounded of the best ingredients, and are made by the best known chemists, but, of course, there will always be inferior preparations on the market."

"I wanted to use a bleach for freckles, but Mrs. Templer would not allow me," said Belinda.

WHAT MITRE-ING MEANS.

One difficulty of using bordered linoleum is that the usual method of joining it at the corners is both ugly and wasteful.

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Design for a corn-coloured linen shirt with collar, cuffs, and plastron front of eyelet-hole embroidery.

"She said the foundation of bleaches was bichloride of mercury, which is a poison, and she declared that in the long run the face was always injured by these powerful bleaches."

"Then what do you use for freckles?" asked Julia.

"As prevention is better than cure I have advised Belinda always to wear a veil, and carry a parasol in summer," said Mrs. Templer. "Also she is to bathe her face in buttermilk and lemon, and let that dry on the skin before going out."

Or she may powder her face with some simple but good powder, and use the following lotion several times a day. Two drachms of powdered borax, one drachm of chlorate of potash, half an ounce of glycerine, mixed with three drachms of rectified spirits of wine to six ounces of rose-water."

(To be continued.)

Charming bodice for a slender girl, made of cashmere, deeply gauged on the shoulders and folded over a lace chemisette.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

possible that he, Belinda Dorell, had declined to be the bearer of tidings which might shock for the moment, but which could not fail to be grateful in the end? He decided quickly that he must speak—if it were only to satisfy his own mind as to her identity.

"You remember, Paula," he said, "the story I told you the other day about that mad artist, Robert Lidiard? He watched Cecilia closely as he spoke. He saw her blanch and shudder. She was raising a tenebrous lip to hers; she put it down untouched."

"The man about whom there was a fuss some weeks ago?" returned Paula carelessly. "He accidentally poisoned himself or something after carrying off a prize at the Paris Salon. Yes, I remember. You told me that it was you who bought his picture, and that you threatened to expose him because he stole money from you."

"Yes," said Julia. He spoke to Paula, but his eyes were fixed upon Cecilia. "He was a thief, a scoundrel. I trusted him as my friend and he robbed me of every penny I possessed at that time. You remember all about it, I expect, Paula. Well, I traced him by his picture and went to him. He pleaded that he had stolen for the sake of a woman—his wife. It was lucky that Paula's back was turned to Cecilia so that she could not see the terror in the girl's eyes. She was craning her body forward and her fingers played feverishly on the wooden arms of her chair."

"You would have spared him," returned Julia, "if he had been kind to that woman—though I might have known from his treatment of others in Paris that this was impossible. But he had not been good to his wife—and she had left him. She was right," he added quickly seeing that Cecilia was about to burst forth into speech—"I admire her for her courage in taking such a course. If ever I meet that woman"—he spoke meaningfully and with the evident intention that Cecilia should take the words to herself—"I should like to be her friend, to respect her secret if she wishes to remain unknown from—a man who was wholly unworthy of her."

Cecilia felt back in her chair; she was beginning to understand that this man meant her well. But why did he say Robert was unworthy of her? Why did he use the past tense?

"Why do you tell me all this, Julian?" asked Paula laughingly, "and why do you speak so earnestly?"

"Because," he said slowly, "the story has a tragic ending. My threats to expose Robert Lidiard must have had a terrible effect upon him. As a matter of fact I did nothing—I'm glad now that I did nothing. I've not seen him since. But this evening's paper reports his suicide"—he raised his hand as if to impose silence upon Cecilia. He had fully realised that Paula was unaware of her protégée's relationship to the man of whom he spoke.

"It seems," he continued, "that Lidiard drowned himself in the river yesterday."

"And I saw him—I saw him!" Cecilia gasped the words beneath her breath. She wondered later that night how it had been possible for her to restrain herself from screaming aloud.

"He wrote a letter to a friend—a man named Stone—a brutal letter—announcing his intention. 'I've done with the lot of you,' he wrote, 'for it's men like you who have driven me to this.' Think of it! Stone had been good to him, given him money when he was in want. 'Those who have called themselves friends'—so the letter went on—'they are the worst enemies a man can have. They have stolen my brains and given me nothing in return. My wife, too, even she who vowed to love me—well, if my death can hurt her—or you—or anyone—let it be so. Good-bye—and my curse be on your heads.' That's what he wrote—a vile letter, discordant as the man himself. His last words a curse! Stone took the letter to the police, and to-day the body was found. Stone identified it—'He broke off suddenly. 'I fear,' he said, 'that Miss Melwyn is ill.'"

It was true, for Cecilia had fainted in her chair.

It was well, perhaps, that Cecilia had been seized with faintness that afternoon, for otherwise she must have betrayed herself. When she recovered Julian Dorell had taken his departure and Paula was solicitous only for her welfare. There was no need now—the thought was uppermost in Cecilia's throbbing brain—for her to speak to Paula as she had proposed doing. There was nothing to take her away from the new life upon which she had embarked. Her husband was dead—he had taken his own life in very truth—and he died with curses against her upon his lips.

The next day the news of Robert Lidiard's suicide was confirmed by the morning papers.

(To be continued.)

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Other Daily Bargains on page 9.

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